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A BARN-BURNER.

AT about dusk on a summer evening, a little girl, aged perhaps ten, skipped into a country post-office, clutching tightly in her left hand a bulky envelope, and in her

the rattling glass, and then sank down again and waited, with a corner of her letter between her lips.

The room was empty. There was a round

soiled with the loungings of two or three generations. The place was lonely and very nearly silent.

After the long but customary delay which



" 'D'ye want me to kill him fur yer? '—Page 506.

right some coins with which she expected to pay the postage.

She approached the window in the box-case, and after seizing the brass rail in front, and drawing herself up so that she stood on the tips of her toes, she rapped loudly upon

clock ticking loudly from its place on the wall, and a rustling murmur came from an elm-tree without. The building being old, the air was damp, and had a smell of decay. The post-boxes were better filled with dust than with letters, and the wainscoting was

is always imposed by small officials, a narrow-shouldered man with a mean face, and an irritable expression, snatched open the door, and, craning his long neck, demanded in a loud voice—

"What do you want?"

The noise being sudden, and the tone harsh, the little girl darted away a step or two, but presently returned and reached her letter up to the sill, and placed her money upon it.

"I'd like to have you send that, if you please, sir," said she, with a timid voice, and an upward glance of her eyes.

The man tossed the letter in his hand, and then, with a rough finger, he noisily scattered her pennies so that he might count them better. After this he weighed the parcel on a rattling scale, and then declared:

"I want more money. It weighs twelve cents, and you've only brought nine. Here, take it!"

"Can't it go?" asked she, with dismay.

"Yes, it can go, if you want the man it's going to to pay the other three cents, do ye?" He held one end of the letter, and she the other. His manner disconcerted her. But at length she replied:

"No, I don't think he would have any money. He's very poor. He—he is in the workhouse at L—," said she, in a suppressed tone. "He is a brother of a hired girl that lives at our house, and he's walked on foot all the way from Savannah, and they heard from him, and so my father wants him to come and work on the place. And that's the letter, and there's a long one from his sister, too; he'll be glad—"

"I don't want no hist'ry!" cried the postmaster, sharply. He gave the letter an angry push. "Will ye take it or leave it?"

"Don't you think you could let it go this time, sir?"

She foolishly thought that it was only a matter of three cents, but she was immediately corrected.

"What!" thundered the man, "do you want me to cheat the gov'ment? Would you like to have me put into prison and fed on bread and water all the rest of my life, just because you haven't got money enough! Who brought you up? That's what I want to know. Who brought you up?"

He stared at her until her lips began to quiver. She hung her head and replied:

"My father, sir."

"Well, then, you tell him from me that your head is full of bad notions. You will make mischief in the world! He'd better turn over a new leaf."

For a while the little girl thought there could be no more terrible man than this, he was so savage and ugly. She answered in an agitated voice:

"I thought you might excuse it because I post so many, sir; I put one in last week, and a newspaper the week before, and—"

At this there came from the postmaster an exclamation conveying so much vexation and anger that she stopped short and looked at him with dilated eyes. She hid her letter under her brown cloak and trembled.

"Here, here," cried he, "take your money, take it and go away. When you get ready to post your letter, come and post it, but don't you dare to come and try to rob the country, or I'll have you taken care of—d'ye hear?"

He scrambled her pennies into his own hand, and thrust them out and put them

into hers; two of them slipped, however, and rolled away upon the floor, while he slammed the glass-door and left her alone, disappointed and miserable.

She was not of that sort of people who take insults mildly. A harsh word sank deep into her soul, and rankled for days; and when, added to this, there was the consciousness that she was not deserving of rebuke, her sufferings were acute and thrice prolonged.

She searched for her lost money with eyes blinded with tears. She found one penny, but the other seemed to be hidden somewhere.

So small and petty were the events of her life that she had looked forward to the posting of this letter with great pleasure, inasmuch as she knew it contained good news for a distressed man; and to be thus balked in her good deed, appeared to her to be wicked and cruel. Her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed.

She stepped about slowly, peering here and there with a blur over her sight, and with her thoughts in a tumult.

Suddenly a broad shadow was cast into the room from the open doorway. She looked up and beheld a powerful man standing upon the sill with his eyes fixed upon her. He was clad in coarse clothing, and was covered with dust from head to foot. In his right hand he carried a long, rough stick, or rather a cudgel, the ragged end of which rested upon the floor. In his left hand was the usual bundle of a tramp; namely, a ball of spare clothing as large as a man's head wrapped in a bandanna handkerchief, the looped ends of which were hooked upon his fingers. His hands were stout and red, his neck bare and muscular, his face and hair white with the powdered soil of the roads, and his eyes inflamed with the dust which had crept into them. He did not stand erect, but his knees were bent, and his shoulders dropped down as if he were tired out.

The little girl looked at him with terror. She slowly arose to an upright position, and made that eloquent gesture which is common with children when they are frightened. She put the back of her hand over her mouth. The tears still remained in her eyes. The man made an attempt to speak, but his lips were so stiffened for lack of use, and there had swept into his throat so much dust and air, that at first it was impossible for him to articulate.

But presently he uttered, half in a whisper and half in a sort of growl.

"Wot are ye cryin' fur?"

The question astonished her. This man possessed such a superiority of ugliness, that she fancied he would outdo the harshness of the other. She replied, under her breath, that she was looking for some money she had dropped.

"Money!" repeated the man, with a significant emphasis, which, from its character, was plainly not intended for her ears. "Hev you lost some money?" He looked at her some seconds in silence, and then put his tongue out and moistened his lips. He looked hungry. Then he slowly lowered his head, first to one side and then to the other. He also began to search for the penny.

After a while he found it; it was behind the door. He laboriously stooped down and picked it up between his huge fingers, and then gradually got up again. The exercise made him more talkative. He put the coin in the centre of his other palm, and, in a hoarse whisper of stimulated tenderness, he again asked her what her trouble was.

She told him; partly because she was afraid, partly because she wished to please him, and partly because she stood in need of a sympathizer. He seemed to get very angry, for he shut up his fists, and, while glaring toward the glass door in the box-case, he shook his head savagely. She looked at these symptoms with suspended breath.

"D'ye want me to kill him fur yer?" demanded he, with a fierce gesture with his dangerous staff.

"Oh, no, no!" cried she, stretching out her hand, and grasping his arm with her slender fingers, "I am not angry with him now; indeed I am not!"

Still he was not to be pacified at once. His broad chest swelled up, and he fixed his angry eyes upon the place in which the postmaster was concealed. She was in dread that he would suddenly tear himself away, and go and perform some terrible act. She bitterly upbraided herself for having aroused such a monster, and she clung tighter to him. But, finally, he showed signs of returning calmness. As he lost his assumption of the character of champion, he regained his true status—that of a famished and weary man. He wet his lips again—a little act of great suggestiveness, and he resumed his former pose.

The little girl took her hands from his arm; in doing so her money clinked together. The man gave her a rapid glance, and then looked at her hands. She instinctively hid them under her cloak and stepped back a little. A scowl came into his face. He looked at her eyes, and then he glanced around him. There was no one near. The postmaster had gone into a little apartment at the back, and was out of ear-shot. The man seemed to think for a moment, and, as a result, the scowl faded, and there appeared upon his begrimed and sun-parched face a distortion which he intended for a smile. His mouth widened, his puffed lips drew back, his eyes closed up, and two deep furrows made their appearance on either cheek. He was doing his best to put on an amiable look.

The child remained in her place, instead of running away, because she wanted her penny, which the man still retained. She contemplated his laugh with great doubt.

"It wouldn't be no trouble fur me ter lay him out, miss; I'm pooty strong fur one of my size. But per'aps you're too kind-hearted ter require any sech treatment fur yer enemies. Yer look it."

He made an attempt to put his hand on her hair, but she sprang away with a half-suppressed scream, and looked at him from a distance.

His shoulders shook with a silent laugh, and he rapped his cudgel on the floor.

"Be you afraid?" he demanded in a stertorous whisper.

"A little, sir," she replied.

"I'm deffed ef I blame yer," he muttered to himself; "ye'd hev to go fur ter find a more miserable man." He looked at his figure from his coarse boots upward, and shook his head.

"Won't you give me my cent?" asked the child, suddenly extending her white palm in a fit of desperation. She saw it was getting dark.

"Wot!" exclaimed he, "an' not post yer letter?"

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. Her disappointment recurred to her with triple force.

The man was acute enough to see that now was his opportunity. He approached her with a raised finger.

"Now I know him!" He indicated the postmaster with a motion of his thumb. "We was boys together, and we grewed up in company, and I'd do anythin' fur him, and he'd do anythin' fur me. He'd cut his throat from ear to ear ef I only wanted him ter do it."

He paused to notice if this touch would have any effect. He must have been gratified at the pallor which overspread her face. "From ear to ear!" How horrible! She shuddered violently, but stood as if unable to run away.

"But I ain't a-goin' ter ask him ter do that, fur it would be wicked, and I ain't a wicked man" (the child began to breathe again). "No, I'm a good man, and I'm very rich, and I only walk 'round because I like it; I do it for pleasure." (This fiction seemed to please him as much as it mystified her, for his laugh deepened. But presently he grew grave again.) "Ay, my little daughter, I go about doin' good. It's my way. I like ter see people in trouble, 'specially children, and, above all, girls of your size. I help 'em out. It's my okapation."

She looked at him with increased confidence. He now became merely an object of her curiosity.

"The moment I set my eyes on you," continued the man, using his tremendous forefinger as an emphazier, "I says to myself, 'Ere's another of 'em; 'ere's another pretty little chick in difficulty. I'll get her out of it sure as I'm alive.' That's what I said. That was my resoolution."

She laughed a little at his dialect. To a school-bred child nothing is more amusing than bad pronunciation by a grown person. They feel that their superiority to the giants is somewhat comical.

"So," said the man, feeling that he was getting on very well, "so when you told me what my friend had done to yer, I said to myself, 'I'll look after that; I'll post the letter.' Now I'll go an' hev a talk with him. He'll grumble, but I don't care. He may get mad, but I'll bring him round. So all you've got to do is just to give me the letter and the money, and I'll go and get a twelve-center an' fetch 'em to yer."

He smiled twice as much as before. She opened her tightly-clutched fingers without hesitation, and poured her remaining three coins into his outstretched palm. The contrast between the two hands was remarkable; hers being white and shapely, with delicate bluish veins visible under the transparent

skin, and his being broad, red, and brown in color, and covered with an opaque hide. Hers were models of beauty and tenderness, while his were more like the talons of a vulture.

He looked at the money and then put it in his pocket. Then he pointed to the clock, the face of which was plainly visible.

"I'm goin' round the back way," said he, in his usual hoarse whisper. "He an' me hev a private door; and I'll get the postage-stamp, and put it on the letter, an' fetch it back in just ten minutes—ten minutes to the very second; exact. An' so you just stay an' keep an eye on the clock till the hand gets round. What time is it, ken ye see?" He stuffed the letter into another pocket.

"Ten minutes of eight," she replied.

"Ten minutes of eight," repeated he; "well, just ez that minute-hand touches the figure eight, I'll put the letter inter yer hand, and then in yer pops it inter the box. Ain't I a good man?"

"Yes," replied the innocent one, "I think you are; I think you are a very good man."

He drew back from her with a greater laugh than ever, and turned around toward the door. She thought he was a rather odd stick, and she could not help reflecting that he made a terrible noise with his dusty boots. But, after he had disappeared, she put her hands behind her, leaned back against the wall, and, thrusting her feet out, she fixed her eyes on the dingy face of the clock, and waited patiently for the ten minutes to expire.

Before five minutes had passed, the man of sympathy and great wealth was a pretty good distance off, travelling as fast as his legs could carry him over the quiet and dusty highway. By the time the ten minutes had elapsed, he had descended a long hill, made two turns out of the direct road, and had begun to breathe with considerable ease. He now fancied himself safe from the formidable monster he had plundered.

He looked about him. He was in a narrow lane which seemed endless. Upon each side were lofty trees, which arched over his head, and through whose leaves the moon-light barely struggled, such was their density. On either hand there seemed to be richly-cultivated fields, with here and there long strips of dark shade, which were doubtless patches of woodland. There were no houses in sight; when this became evident, the man climbed up on the stone walls one after the other and looked around. There was not a roof nor a light to be seen. He returned to the middle of the road full of perplexity, and angry with himself for having run into such a covert.

He felt that he was now no better off than he had been before; in fact, when he began to count it up, he found that his difficulties had increased. Instead of being among shops in which he might have spent his money, he had only run away from some; he was also twice as hungry as he had been when he commenced his race, and besides that he had accomplished the feat of transforming himself from a poor tramp into a scandalous and unpardonable thief. Altogether it did not appear that his move had been a very excellent one, and, after a few moments' thought, he began to consider himself a lamentable fool.

Still, what was to be done? He was half starved, weary, and out of his reckoning—he did not know where he was. He argued with himself while digging up the dust with the toe of one of his boots. He still had his bundle and his stick, and his thick clothing began to lay pretty heavily upon his tired shoulders. What lay before him (a dusty, interminable country-road) was not attractive; but it was the consideration of what lay behind him (arrest, reproaches, and punishment) that made him decide upon his course. He determined to keep on, and trust to chance for food and safety.

Therefore, he presently turned about, and, with a long but lagging step, and a bent body, he pursued his way, throwing forward his arm and his staff at regular intervals of two paces each, after the manner of wayworn pilgrims.

He walked for half an hour, but still he came to no house which seemed to have inhabitants. Neither did he meet any person either on foot or on horseback, or in any sort of cart or wagon. The whole district seemed deserted; all was perfectly still, brilliantly white under the moon, and oppressively silent.

His foot-falls made but little stir; a small cloud arose in his rear, but the air was too heavy with moisture to permit the dust to mount very high, and so he seemed to be constantly followed by a ghostly billow, which always began a dozen yards behind him and ended at his heels.

This half-hour was an admirable time for reflection, and the four jingling coins in his pockets gave direction to his thoughts. They tinkled together at every step, and at last he quickly stopped and spitefully drew them out and distributed them about his person in separate places. They constantly reminded him of the timid little girl he had robbed.

His eyes were filled with pictures of her face, her graceful attitudes, her varying expressions, and her tender hands. Her low voice was never out of his ears. He was not quit of her presence for any one of the thirty minutes, but she seemed to be constantly in his neighborhood, and she was a reproach. At the end of the half-hour he came to a little stream which ran beneath the road with a silvery gurgle; he was thirsty, and he climbed over the wall to get a drink. He lay down flat upon the ground and approached his lips to the smooth surface of the water. He saw his own face reflected in it, and also his uncombed and shaggy head, together with his shapeless cap. He looked at himself in amazement. "What a beast I am!" he muttered, with his eyes still fixed on the picture. It seemed as if he would never tire of contemplating the monstrosities of his own visage. It displeased him even while it magnetized his gaze. "What a mouth! What eyes! What a mane!—yes, what a beast!"

He arose and went back to the road again, almost afraid of his own person.

He had not gone far before it occurred to him that there must have been something extraordinary in the little girl to have induced her to trust him as she did. "She must hev ben an angel!" thought he, stopping short in the road, filled with shame and regret; "she

couldn't hev ben a child, for a child would hev yelled to the top of her voice when I kem round the corner." He continued his walk, completely absorbed in this new train of ideas; he was not occupied in thinking what a terrible sight he must have been, but in considering what an innocent heart hers was. Every virtue that his imagination furnished her implied a corresponding blot in his own nature. As he felt she was good, so he felt he was bad; he elevated her only to depress himself.

He recalled her words and gestures one after the other, and, when he could remember one which betrayed an aversion or distrust, he felt a savage gratification. "That showed I warn't used to do sech acts," said he to himself; "that proved I ain't a villain out an' out." But the fact that he had her money in his pockets at that moment, was a good precipitant to such froth; it resolved it to substance at once. "Yes, I took it from her," groaned he, in despair; "I cheated her; I am a robber!" He stopped again and thought it all over. Should he go back and give up the money? He argued to himself, and he was nearly impelled to do so. But he dreaded to meet her; and, besides that, he would be in danger of arrest, as she had doubtless told everybody of the theft long before this. "No," said he, "I'll go ahead; she ken put up with the loss better than I ken stand goin' ter jail."

He raised his eyes, and was about to resume his road (he having turned about and walked back a step or two under his better impulses), when he was startled to see before him, a few miles in the distance, a broad column of lurid flame and smoke. It ascended into the quiet air like a gigantic palm-tree or water-spout; regular and symmetrical at the trunk, but spreading out widely at the top. It was particularly surprising to the eye, inasmuch as there was no sound of crackling fire, or falling timbers, conveyed to the ear. There were no clouds for it to reflect upon, so it was not singular that the man had not noticed it before. He looked at it for some time with great curiosity, and with some little appreciation of the beauties of the sight. The heavens and the landscape were illuminated by the moon, and nothing seemed touched by the fiery glow; still, there was the blood-red pillar boiling and surging three hundred feet in the air, and without emitting the faintest whisper.

Presently the man turned about again. "It's somebody's barn," said he; "I wish I was in the middle of it."

He resumed his walk, still keeping the centre of the road, and still using his staff for the same purpose and with the same regularity that a locomotive uses its driving-shaft.

He held his way through valleys and over hills without slackening his pace. Not once did he turn to look at the conflagration behind him; he was altogether absorbed in thinking of the child. At half-past nine he suddenly discovered that he was passing a house which stood close to the roadside.

He looked up, and found that he was about entering a village. There were several lights burning on both sides of the way; but,

in his present state of mind, he did not care to encounter them. His first sensation was one of delight; his tongue and lips grew moist under the imagination that he would soon be eating something. He hurried on, looking this side and that, and avoiding, as much as possible, the few people who were in the street. He was on the lookout for a restaurant or grocer's shop. He debated what he should buy—whether a scrap of meat, or a few biscuits, or a little of both; then he remembered that he had but nine cents; and then, close upon that, he recalled that even that was stolen. He was so hungry and famished that he had lost sight of this last fact for an instant. Now it returned upon him with double force. Should he spend the money?

He immediately recognized that here was a direct issue between Good and Bad; between his moral strength and his physical desires. If he purchased food, he clearly could not return the coins to the little girl; on the other hand, if he did not purchase food, he must starve for a while longer. He must either class himself irrevocably as a criminal, or else he must submit to more torture, which must be indefinitely prolonged.

He came to a bake-shop. Through the dusty windows he saw some men, in white caps and all covered with flour, busy mixing dough. At a rough counter were two or three people making purchases of a girl who was putting loaves of bread into their baskets. Suddenly it occurred to him to beg. "Yes!" exclaimed he, grasping the idea with thankfulness. "I ken beg. Here comes a man with a load—he looks generous—I'll begin with him."

He posted himself in the shadow, and, as the man came out, he whined loud enough for him to hear, and asked for a loaf of bread. He thought it safer to be conventional than to trust to his own eloquence or to an upright bearing.

The man, who was not particularly rich himself, began to question him. The other, elated at seeing a prospect of success, grew elaborate, and gave him his whole history.

He had walked all the way, every foot of the way, from Savannah. His feet were nothing but blisters. His joints were swollen. He was ready to lie down and die by the roadside. Three days ago they caught him asking for help, so they took him and put him in the workhouse at L—, where he stayed two days. Then he set out for M—, which was a hundred miles off from L—, and where he had a sister working in the family of a lawyer and a justice of the peace. He heard the lawyer was a good man, and he hoped he could give him some work when he got there.

"What is the lawyer's name?" asked the charitable man.

"His name is Weld, sir," returned the other, bowing obsequiously.

"Oh, I know him," said the first speaker, glad to indorse the wayfarer's story. "He has a bright little daughter. So you are going to see him, eh? Then you have got about five more miles to go in that direction. He lives in the upper village." He pointed up the road in the direction from which the man had approached.

"The devil!" growled the other under his breath.

"What is the matter?"

"Matter," was the reply; "why, the matter is that I have just kem from there. I didn't know the place, and I stopped in at the post-office to ask; but—but the door was locked. And ez I didn't see nobody, and ez the place didn't seem to be much, I just poked along up here, with my feet a bleedin' ev'ry step, and my stomach ez empty ez a drum. It's dreadful hard."

There was a moment's silence, during which the traveller looked ruefully back upon the road, and the other mentally considered if he would be justified in giving him something to eat. He decided in favor of the man, and, putting his hand into his provision-basket, he withdrew a loaf of bread. He put it into the outstretched palms, and he received in return a volume of thanks. The man broke the loaf, and proffered half in return.

"No—no, keep it," said the other, "you may want it for breakfast; but I think you can finish the whole without much trouble."

After having seen the man thrust a handful of the soft sponge into his mouth, he turned about and entered the bake-house again to get another loaf to replace the one he had given away; while the hungry wretch hastened off upon the very longest route to the upper village of M—; namely, that one which would require him to make the circle of the world to reach it. He ran away from the lawyer's home at the top of his speed.

Once out of the village, he stopped to breathe and to consider his next move.

He sat down upon a stone by the roadside, and while devouring his loaf, which he did with ravenous haste, he suddenly became aware that his theft had produced another blow for him, a blow which was crushing and disheartening. He could not go back to the village where his sister and the lawyer lived, for he would at once be recognized as the thief and thrust into jail.

He stopped eating. His mouth was filled with bread, and he held the hollow crust in his hands.

He had made an outcast of himself. He now had no object, no prospect of a roof, a meal, or of work. He was a fugitive in the worse sense of the word.

The full measure of this was not to be conceived in an instant, but the realization grew upon him by degrees, and he finally became possessed of the desperate fact, together with its long train of attendant woes.

His strongest impulse was to get away even farther. He got up and began to walk, with his crust rolled up in his fist, and his head hanging down upon his chest.

He thought his case a pretty hard one.

Now that his stomach was filled, he was able to take a little more romantic and tender view of the matter; therefore, he began to conjure the saddest pictures of the disappointed child.

Had she waited patiently all through the ten minutes? Had she still trusted even when he did not come? Had she wept when they told her she had been robbed? Had ever a man done a more shameful thing?

Would he not kill himself rather than meet her gaze again?

Still, what must he do. He was tired and foot-sore. He would like to find a place where he might lie down and think it over; somewhere where he would be safe from prying eyes.

He came to a farm-house, and when he had passed it he commenced inspecting the fields which lay near by.

The people had gone to bed, even at this early hour, and there were no lights in the windows. Presently his eyes rested upon what they searched for. He laboriously climbed over a rail-fence, and approached a huge haystack which stood three hundred yards from the road. He moved with great caution, raising his feet high above the grass, and keeping a watchful eye upon all sides.

He gained the shadow of the pile, and after another sharp gaze around him he began to pull out huge handfuls of hay, which he threw upon the ground. He was making himself a bed.

In five minutes it was complete. He flattened out his bundle and made a pillow of it. Then he lay down, and, after placing his staff ready to his hand, he began to pile more hay over his body. He seemed to have a practised hand, for he distributed his covering very evenly. He enveloped himself like a mummy.

His present comfort aroused new hopes in him. "In the morning," thought he, "I will get out of this place. I will get up early, finish the bread, and be off. I shall have nine cents for capital, and many a man has started on less than that. I must get away from that little whelp. That's it; I must travel as far as I can go. I wouldn't meet her face to face for a yoke of steers. How she torments me! Stea's! Everybody steals! Everybody! Curse it, can't I forget her? Come, I'll go to sleep. I need it; it isn't every day a man walks thirty miles on a stretch, and then finds he's walked five miles too much. *She* made me do that! Why do they trust babies with money? Haven't people had lessons enough? But she did have a pretty—damnation!"

In ten minutes the man was asleep.

But while he slept, and while he was oblivious of all the world except through the medium of his dreams, his star was busily employed in making new combinations for him, the first indications of which were made manifest two hours after sunrise on the next morning.

He was awake, and lay sprawled out upon his back in the sunlight, enjoying the way in which it warmed him. His face was turned upward, his feet spread wide apart, and he was slowly feeding himself with shreds of last night's crust, which he roughly tore off with his fingers. His cap had fallen, and his mop of hair was exposed to view. The grasshoppers began to jump in the grass, and the cheerful hum of the insects commenced to rise on the morning air. He was contented, as a bear or a cat would have been.

Suddenly his ear caught the sound of footsteps approaching on his right. His sensation of being pursued returned again.

There were more footsteps approaching from the left. He was on the alert, and he half raised himself. A man appeared, walking swiftly, and who started back a pace on beholding him. Then he turned around and cried in a tone of triumph—

"Here he is!"

The prostrate man immediately found himself surrounded by half a score of farmers who encircled him as he lay upon the ground, and who bent upon him such looks of anger that they provoked a savage scowl in return.

"Get up," commanded the leader. Before he had stolen the nine cents it would have taken something more than this to have made the man move, but now that he was a culprit he obeyed like a dog.

He slowly drew up his legs, and then, with considerable labor, rose to his feet.

One of the men gave him his cap. Another picked up his staff, and another his bundle, but these last two articles were retained.

"Come along," cried the principal of the group.

"Wot fur?" demanded the prisoner, in a husky voice.

"You know well enough," returned the other; "for setting a barn on fire."

"Settin' a barn afire! I hain't set no barn afire!"

A few of the men laughed at this, but the majority gave vent to their disgust.

"Ex I hope fur salva—" began the other, in a high key. He was interrupted by impatient exclamations. They bade him to go with them at once.

"Well, then, I'll go, ef ye say so." The blithe tone of this compliance disconcerted them a little, but the group moved off. Beyond the fences in the road was a common hay-cart with no springs, and with boards laid across for seats. They approached this, and some of the men clambered in. It had two strong horses.

"Be ye goin' fur ter give me a ride?" inquired the prisoner, gayly.

"Yes, but we're not going to fetch you back in a hurry," was the reply.

"Might I ask wot direction we're goin' ter take?" pursued the man, with mock politeness, making a bow as he spoke.

"Get in!" cried the leader. "We're going up that way."

He pointed with his whip in the direction of the fatal upper village of M—.

The cart rumbled off. The prisoner was astonished and frightened. He was returning to the neighborhood which he dreaded most in the world.

On either side of him sat a powerful man, who guarded him closely. Behind, there were five, three seated and two standing up. On the front seat there were three more. Yet he made up his mind to attempt an escape.

He waited until they had passed through the village and until they came to a cross-road. Then he gathered his strength, and made a furious bound to the left, with the idea of throwing himself over the side of the cart.

He failed, for they were secretly watching him. Amid curses and derisive cries he was

dragged back and bound tight; and, with an unhappy ingenuity, they fastened the rope about his neck in such a fashion that any extraordinary movement on his part would have strangled him.

In this manner did they retraverse the five intervening miles. To a certain extent their journey was one of triumph for the captors. They stopped often, under the pretence of getting water, but really to show their prize to the farmers along the route.

They clattered into the nest of houses which the man had quitted twelve hours before so hastily. He sank down in his seat, lowered his head, and hid his face. From a corner of his eye he beheld the post-office and the elm-tree. But there was no little girl there.

A few rods farther on there was a huge white building, before which there had assembled an ugly crowd of countrymen. The intoxicating news that the barn-burner had been captured had flown over the hills with the speed of a fiery-cross, and the people had run in from their gardens and farms to see the game.

His appearance was tragic enough for the worst of them. They liked his savage face and brawny neck. He filled their idea. They especially fancied the ropes about his throat and arms, and they cheered when he was roughly dragged from the wagon by the brave ten men.

It so happened that a court had been held in this building only two days before; and, as the appurtenances had not been removed, the examination of the present culprit was destined to be conducted amid unusually appropriate surroundings.

He was led up a flight of stairs and into a cramped hall. He was preceded by one noisy throng and followed by another. The people gazed with great admiration upon his guardians, who bestowed many gratuitous scowls upon their prisoner, by way of showing their hatred of such a wicked man.

He was given a seat elevated a few inches above the floor, and then, with great ostentation, his ropes were taken off. He could be plainly seen by every person in the room, and for fifteen minutes they discussed his evil bearing, his uneasiness, his roving eyes, his villainous aspect.

He was sullen and gloomy. He would glance at one quarter of the room and then drop his eyes; then at another quarter, and then again become oblivious. He continued this process until he had examined the entire scene. He began to breathe more easily. He was encouraged to make a prolonged scrutiny. He concluded it, and was reassured—the Terror was not present.

In front of him was a space which was reserved for the lawyers, when there were any present. In the centre of it was a pine table. Beyond this, elevated a little higher than his, was the judge's seat. To the right was the jury-box; but this, as well as the space on the left, was filled by the noisy and vicious crowd.

He found an enemy, however. Directly in front of him there was seated a small lean man, dressed in a blue frock, which reached below his knees. In his hand he held an ox-

goad, and his small gray eyes were persistently fixed on the prisoner. He seemed to wish to frighten him. But the man laughed a little, saying to himself, meanwhile, "I suppose this is the one whose barn was burned."

At the end of the fifteen minutes the justice came in. He made his way to his seat with difficulty. Everybody pressed forward a little. The prisoner began to be nervous. He felt that he was in a dangerous atmosphere, and that he was helpless. He clasped and unclasped his hands, and smoothed out the wrinkles in his coat-front.

The air in the room grew bad; at least it seemed so to him, for of late he had lived under the open sky. He began to be confused. He tried to recall where he had been during the past twenty-four hours, and he asked himself if he could have committed any act such as they charged him with. He remembered pretty clearly that there had been a fire somewhere, but when and in what direction he knew not. All at once he discovered that they were asking what his name was. He roused up, and, following the natural instincts of a man who knows that he is a culprit in some fashion or other, he lied; he gave a fictitious one, and then sank down again. His real name was Jared Martin.

After this he suspected that there was a great deal of business going on. He was dimly conscious that a man with black clothes had raised up his hand, and, after he had taken it down again, had talked for a while. After him came another man, who had a red tie, with round white spots upon it, and who made the people laugh. Then he saw the farmer move out of his chair, and when he began to speak, he tried to listen, but his eye was attracted by the warts on his fist, and he learned nothing. When the farmer disappeared, there arose a loud cry from the people in the court-room, and they all turned to look at him. They seemed furious and revengeful. Then there was another period of abstraction. He was aroused from this by the justice. He was told to stand up. He arose to his feet and looked around with dull eyes. His shoulders and chest seemed enormous, but his face was a blank. The justice arose also. The man looked at him.

"Listen to what I ask you," said the gentleman, in a clear voice. "Can you tell me where you were at a quarter to eight last evening?"

The man made no answer. They thought he was endeavoring to remember, and so there was a dead silence. He swayed a little to the right and then to the left, but did not reply. The question was repeated more forcibly. No result.

The query was put in another form:

"Listen! At what hour last evening did you cross a wheat-field where the wheat was pretty high? Or have you crossed a wheat-field at any time in the last twenty-four hours?"

No answer. The man looked slowly around, but made no response. The people thought it was a trick.

"I wish you to pay attention to what I say," resumed the justice, in an irritated tone. "Two people have testified that you

were seen walking through a field of wheat on the Davis farm at exactly a quarter to eight o'clock last night. Davis's farm is three miles from here. A barn was burned there. The fire broke out at eight o'clock. Now, the testimony is indistinct and confused. The witnesses agree only as to the time. But unless you can prove that you were elsewhere than in the wheat-field at a quarter to eight last night, I must hold you for trial. It is believed that you are the incendiary. What do you say?"

A wavering comprehension began to dawn upon the man. He looked longer at one spot than before. His lips parted, and he bent his head down as if thinking. No one moved. They were sure of their prey, therefore they were patient. The man raised a hand to his lips, and then he slowly thrust it deep into one of the pockets of his coat.

Suddenly he started. He looked up and withdrew his hand. Between his fingers was one of the coins which he had stolen. He dropped it on the floor, and gave the justice a prolonged stare.

His position became as clear as noonday to him.

"What was that?" demanded his questioner. Somebody picked up the coin and exhibited it.

"Has the man been searched yet?"

"No, sir," was the response.

"Then do so," was the reply. Two men approached.

"Stand back!" growled the prisoner. "Don't ye tech me. I'll do the sarchin'." The men stopped. The idiot had suddenly become a wild animal.

He thrust his hand into another pocket. Another coin. Then another attempt. This time it was the letter. It was rumpled and creased. He smoothed it out and looked at its address.

He turned white. It must indeed have been a shock to drive the blood from such a face as his. He began to tear off the brown envelope. His fingers seemed to be numb, for they slipped. He trembled from head to foot.

"Mr. Justice," cried he, in an agitated whisper, "don't let 'em come near me. Keep 'em off fur one minute—only one minute—and let me read—read this." He pointed to the letter with his other hand.

This was a new turn to affairs. The justice complied. The man opened the enclosed paper, and studied the words for five minutes. Nobody spoke; all were silent as the dead.

The paper floated from his fingers. He covered his face with his hands. The letter he had stolen was addressed to himself.

Besides robbing her who seemed to him to be an angel, he had also robbed his benefactress. He had nursed his sense of shame until it had become so sensitive and acute, that he welcomed any refuge. A refuge offered itself. He considered it. He looked up. All at once he saw that a man had picked up the paper he had dropped.

"Stop!" he cried. The man stood still. "Don't read it, Mr. Judge; don't read it, sir; 'tain't fur you ter see. That's private. Don't take it inter yer hand! Don't let it come near ye!—Tell me, judge, what it is they say about

me? Do they say I kem out of a wheat-field three miles from here last night?"

"Yes," said the justice, astonished and perplexed.

"An' do they say the time was—"

"A quarter to eight," added the judge.

"Then they was right, Mr. Judge. I did kem out of a wheat-field at a quarter of eight last night."

A furious burst of triumph followed this admission. Had the man been less formidable, the savage farmers would have attacked him. As it was, he was too powerfully aroused.

"Give me that letter," demanded the justice, now excited in his turn. The man opened his mouth to stop its surrender. He was too late.

The justice gave the paper but one glance. He recognized it as the one he had written the day before. He was stupefied.

He gave the prisoner a keen look. The eyes fell, the resolute carriage disappeared, and the man seemed abased. The justice whispered to a messenger near by, and the lad vanished in the crowd.

The justice had been a good lawyer in his day, and he was shrewd. He comprehended this case exactly. He looked at the man with great curiosity. The people grew restless. Was this not clear enough? Why was not the barn-burner removed to the lock-up? What was the matter with the justice?

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have made a mistake." The prisoner leaned forward with glowing eyes; the spectators listened with astonishment. "The man before us was not in the vicinity of the Harris farm at a quarter to eight last night."

The man divined exposure in the justice's manner. He was content to be thought a criminal rather than to be known as the wretch he was. He made a last venture.

"I was there," cried he, in a loud voice, bringing down his tremendous hand upon the railing in front of him; "an' I sot the barn afire. I says to myself, 'Let's have a blaze.' So I pulled out a card o' matches, and lighted a wisp o' straw, and stuck it in the corner. Then I run. But I tell ye I sot it, I sot it with my own hands. I'm willin' to be shut up, an' I want to be shut up quick. I want ter get away from here. But I tell ye I sot it, judge, I sot it goin' with my own hands."

The judge smiled. He knew the difference between this sort of man and a criminal. He pointed to one side.

The man followed with his eyes.

His bubble was pricked.

There advanced into the space the little girl, and, with her, his sister.

He sank down overwhelmed.

"Gentlemen," said the justice, "this man has passed through many vicissitudes in his life, and has appeared before you while undergoing another—that of suspicion. He committed an act last night, to my certain knowledge, in a time and place which made it impossible that he could have been at the Davis farm, three miles away. For this act the man has suffered untold tortures. I cannot punish him more. The remorse he has suffered has been sufficient. It is a coincidence that this man was coming to our village to

find me, yesterday. He missed me, and came into possession of the letter which I had written to him. By a curious accident he is now returned under my notice, and I will answer for him henceforth. The man is free."

Several voices loudly demurred.

"You will find the true culprit outside the door," said the justice, quietly; "he was arrested while we have been examining Martin."

The justice crossed over to the prisoner. He was weeping. He produced two coins. "There was nine cents, sir, and I return 'em safe. You've got the fivepenny piece and the twopenny; 'ere's the rest."

The restitution completed the comedy. The man took his hat and staff and lumbered down to the floor. The little girl gave him her hand. His sister kissed him. The crowd made a lane for the three. They met the barn-burner coming in.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE SHADE BY THE RIVER'S BANK.

THAT WAS Friday morning, you know, and the great question to be settled in the drawing-room was, What was to be done during the day? You know Mr. Sonderling was coming to luncheon; but what was to be done between breakfast and that meal? It was too fine to stay at home, that was certain. Even Count Pantouffles and Mr. Beeswing gave up their billiards, and there was a longing for the open air in the whole party, which was quite refreshing.

Sir Thomas Carlton, on account of Lord Pennyroyal, for once gave up going to town to superintend the issue of the Timbuctoo Loan. It was soon settled that he should drive Lord Pennyroyal over to his model farm; where, what with draining works, and short-horns, and chaff-cutters, and clod-crushers, and scarifiers, they might spend the time profitably till luncheon. Lord Pennyroyal, like a wise man, never killed his time; he spent it, and got interest out of it. True to his character, he had spent many thousand pounds in draining and improving his estates and building good cottages for his tenantry. Not fine, uncomfortable, architectural cottages, full of smoke and draughts, but solid, well-planned, well-drained square cottages, very plain outside, and very nice inside. He had scarcely ever made a speech in his life; and on one of these rare occasions he had expended eloquence which, if reported, would have filled two columns of the *Times*, in denouncing to his face the iniquity of a pretender who had built him a dozen cottages, every one of which smoked. We need hardly say that builder never had another chance of suffocating Lord Pennyroyal's peasantry by smoke. "A smoky chimney," said Lord Pennyroyal, "is worse than a scolding wife. A man may do without his wife, but, in this climate at least, he must have a roof over his head; and, if the rooms under that roof are to be filled with smoke from

morning till night, what can a poor man do but go to the beer-shop?"

Lord Pennyroyal, therefore, was as glad to go with Sir Thomas Carlton as Sir Thomas to show him his improvements, and the two started in high spirits.

"Dear Lady Pennyroyal," said Lady Carlton, "I should so like to drive you down to the river at the bottom of the chase." And turning to Florry—"Don't you think, Florry, you might persuade some of the party to walk down to the river? there's shade, you know, here and there all across the park, and down on the bank there are lovely trees."

"I'll try and persuade them," said Florry.—"Who's ready to follow me to the river? Hold up your hands."

The result of this was, that every one but Mrs. Marjoram and Count Pantouffles held up their hands.

"Why don't you hold your hand up, count?" said Amicia.

"Because it is too hot," said the count.

"Too hot! too hot to hold up your hand?"

"Oh, no," said the count; "too hot to walk. I am not a good walker."

"Perhaps mamma will take you in the pony-carriage," said Florry. Then, turning to Mrs. Marjoram, she said, "Perhaps Mrs. Marjoram would like to go, and then there would be no room for you."

"Oh, pray do not think of me," said Mrs. Marjoram. "I seldom go out before luncheon; and, besides, I have my diary to fill up and letters to write. My time will be fully occupied."

"In that case," said Lady Carlton, "we can find room for you, count; but I am sure it would do you a deal of good to walk a little more."

"I do walk so much in town," said the count; "in the country I try to rest."

So the ponies were ordered, and before they came to the door the rest of the party assembled on the terrace, like swallows gathering for a migration. Florry and Alice and Amicia were among the first. They dressed as it were by steam, fearing that Harry Fortescue might be snapped up by the other side. Then came Colonel and Mrs. Barker, and Mr. Marjoram, and last of all, in a group, Harry and Edward and Mr. Beeswing and Count Pantouffles.

"Are we all ready?" said Mr. Beeswing. "Then start fair, and pray see how slow we can go. Let it be a donkey-race to the river, in which the last in wins."

Then they plunged into the sunshine, though it fortunately was not nearly so hot as it had been the day before. They made straight for the river, which was about a mile off, and could be seen winding round the park like a silver snake; and every now and then they stopped for shade under a huge oak, or chestnut, or beech. At the very first of these Harry Fortescue threw himself on the ground, and said they ought to make a long halt, it was so hot.

"I quite agree with you," said Amicia, sitting down by his side. Mr. Beeswing and the rest were for going on, and leaving the lazy pair by themselves.

"They are like over-driven cattle," said

Mr. Beeswing, "which you see lying so demurely in the middle of a London street. There they must lie till they are rested, for no power on earth can make them get up."

"Do you know, I feel very much like a cow myself," said Florry, throwing herself down on the grass. "And, Alice, I am sure you look quite white with fatigue. You had better sit down; and you too, Mr. Vernon; and let the rest go on to the river."

"What stuff!" said Colonel Barker. "Why, we have only marched—I mean walked—two hundred yards; how can any one be tired?"

"That depends upon constitution," said Florry. "Fatigue comes on some people so suddenly. I felt strong enough till we got into the heat of the sun, and all at once I felt so tired, just like Lady Sweetapple; I felt I could not stir a step till I had some rest."

"I don't understand it," said Colonel Barker; "our men marched right across the Runn of Cutch without turning a hair."

"Oh, pray run down to the river with your Runn of Cutch!" cried Harry; "it makes me hotter than ever to hear of it."

"Well, if they won't they won't," said Mr. Beeswing, "and we must leave them as they are; but I call it very wilful, Miss Florry."

"Now do go along," said Florry, "and mind you walk as slowly as a tortoise, as you said—I won't name the animal you named, because I don't want to hurt your feelings—but mind and walk very slowly, and then, as soon as Lady Sweetapple is rested and I am rested, we will jump up and run on and catch you up, and be at the river's brink before you. Now do be off, there's a good man."

So the five younger ones were left sitting on the grass in the shade. When they were gone, Lady Sweetapple said:

"Why don't you say something, Mr. Fortescue?"

"Madam," said Harry, mimicking Mr. Sonderling, "I reflect."

They all laughed at that, and even Amicia laughed, though she felt the very mention of Mr. Sonderling brought her on dangerous ground.

"Yes," said Florry, "capitally imitated, Mr. Fortescue. What a strange man Mr. Sonderling is!—Have you known him a very long time, Lady Sweetapple?"

"A very long time," said Amicia.

"Before you were what you are now?" said Florry.

"Of course," said Amicia; "how could it be otherwise?"

"But I mean before you were Lady Sweetapple?"

"Before I was Lady Sweetapple," said Amicia, nodding assent.

"And if it is not very rude," said Florry, "might I ask what your name was before it was Sweetapple?"

This, we know, was very rude of Florry, but you must forgive her, for she was only rude because she was so fond of Harry Fortescue. She was cruel, as all women are when they have their rivals, as they think, on the hip.

"My name," said Amicia, in her lowest and sweetest of voices, "was Smith."

"Amicia Smith?" said Florry.

"Yes, Amicia Smith, or, as my father always called me, Amice."

"And, pray, where did you first see Mr. Sonderling, and did he know you very well?"

"At Frankfort," said Amicia.

"Frankfort-on-the-Oder?" asked Florry, with a refinement of cruelty.

"No, Frankfort-on-the-Main," said Amicia.

"Did you live a long time there?" asked Florry.

"Yes, a very long time. It is the first place I remember in the world."

"I remember," said Florry, "when I was there, going up the Rhine with papa two years ago, that we went over a very fine public building at Frankfort."

"The Cathedral, the Dom," suggested Amicia, "or the Städel's Institute, or the Römer?"

"No," said Florry, as soft as silk, and as mild as milk. "It was outside the city, on the Pfingstweide by the Rhine-bank, and it was called an institute, only not an art institute, but a charity. It was called the Deaf and Dumb College. 'Do you know it?'"

"My father," said Amicia, "lived in that college. He was medical attendant to the inmates. I hope you do not think it any disgrace."

"Oh, no, not at all," said Florry, ceasing from her inquiries.

"I think I am quite rested now, Mr. Fortescue," said Amicia; "we had better go down and join the rest at the river."

"So am I," said Florry. "I feel as though I had never been tired at all."

Then they all five sprang on their feet, and, without any more rests, really overtook the heavy division, as Harry called them, before they reached the river.

It was a pretty stream, a wilful water. Nothing could keep it within bounds. Now it took a turn here, and then a bend there. Here it rushed with a great sweep, carrying a "monstrous castle" out of the right bank—we are all so wise about right banks and left banks since the recent war. Here it made an island, there a peninsula. Here was its old channel, all dry and deserted; there it had just begun to eat away the bank in search of a new bed. Though not very broad, it was very deep and very clear. It looked as if it were but a foot or two deep, and yet, if you put your foot in it, you would be out of your depth at once. In its own heart it was resolved to be a river, and to give itself all the airs and graces of a river. It would not be a brook, and woe betide the unhappy man who, out hunting, called it a brook, put his horse at it, and floundered in! He was soon taught the difference between a river and a brook.

All along the bank, on the High Beech side, were willows. Old willows, not pollarded, but large trees, as large as those of which a few are still left on Christ Church meadows and Magdalen Walks on Cherwell's bank—Cherwell, that sweet stream which asserts so well its claim to be a river, though in parts you might almost jump across it. But the High Beech River—they call it the Wensome or "Winsome" River—was clearer and brighter than the Cherwell. It ran more through gravel and sand, I suppose; and it

was filled with trout and grayling—more like a Hampshire than an Oxfordshire stream, in short. There it ran, "the full and brimming river," bright in the sunshine of the 3d of June. Farther up, away from the bank, were clumps of trees, and here and there an oak which almost rivalled King Edward's tree in the girth of its bole, and the spread of its branches.

Under one of these stood the pony-carriage, from which Lady Carlton had alighted with Lady Pennyroyal and the count—the constant count, constant in his outward polish and internal emptiness. He was not at all unlike a well-cleaned boot, bright and shining outside, but inside all hollowness and dirty leather.

"Before you, after all!" said Lady Carlton. "We thought you were never coming."

"Your ponies are fresh, mamma," said Florry, "and don't feel the heat. We had to rest ever so long under a tree."

Then they all walked down close to the river, and sat down by the bank under the shade of one of the tall willows, and looked at the shoals of fish, and watched a pair of water-ousels, dashing into the stream, walking under water, emerging with a fish, swallowing it, and then diving down again to repeat the same feat.

"What pretty black-and-white birds!" said Amicia. "I have often seen them in Germany, when I was young, along the Rhine-bank."

"There goes a kingfisher!" said Edward, as if he need have said so, as the beautiful bird, which ladies' hats will soon extirpate, made its peculiar dart along the water, out of the shade into the sunshine, and, striking its fish, returned again into the shade.

"That bird is like life," said Mr. Beeswing. "Out of gloom and shade into the warm sunshine for a little space, doing something; and then back into the shade again."

"But suppose one does nothing?" asked Count Pantouffles, "what then?"

"In that case," said Mr. Beeswing, "you could, I am afraid, be neither called a man nor a kingfisher."

"You see," Mr. Beeswing went on, "the kingfisher—there he darts again—for all his bright dress, gets his living by doing something, and doing it very often."

"He must find it very dull," said Florry, "doing the same thing over and over again for hours and hours, and days and days."

"He likes it because he knows no better," said Mr. Beeswing. "Besides, I dare say he does not find it at all dull. He is feeding his wife and family by his work."

"Very like a clerk in a bank, or a merchant's office, only they know better."

"But what better could a man do," said Colonel Barker, "than feed his wife and family?"

"I will tell you, colonel," said Harry, "when I have a wife and family; but I am afraid, if my wife and family live by my exertions, they will not have much to live on."

"O Mr. Fortescue!" said Florry, "I thought you were at the bar."

"So I am," said Harry, "and so is Edward.—We're both at the bar, are we not, Ned? and what did we make the first year?"

"Not over-much," said Edward Vernon; "not enough to pay our clerk a guinea a week between us. But then you know, Harry, we never tried."

"Try!" said Harry. "Did we not go circuit and hear Mr. Justice Sharp make his famous jokes? Did we not hear him try ever so many old women for stealing fagots, just as Sinaminta the gypsy told us, and ever so many poachers? and was not one man sentenced for cutting his wife's throat, and hanged, and a wife for poisoning her husband, and pardoned?"

"Very true," said Edward, "and we went to sessions also, and saw all the lesser offenders tried, only we never got a brief; and we sat days and days in Westminster Hall in our wigs, as wise as owls, and still we had no briefs."

"Yes," said Harry, rather bitterly. "In town the attorneys said we were too great swells to care about business, our hands too clean to do the dirty work of the law; so they gave their briefs to their own sons, whose birth was low enough and their hands dirty enough, Heaven knows, for any work. That is what we find in town. In the country it is worse. There, at sessions and circuits, we find what is called a strong local bar, which recorders, and even judges of assize, are so fond of flattering. But, bless you, this strong local bar is only another form of the attorney grievance. It is all made up of the sons of local attorneys. No fellow can compete against such a dead-attorney weight all over the country."

"What a long speech!" said Amicia. "It makes me think you would get on very well at the bar, Mr. Fortescue, if you only had a chance."

"That's where it is," said Harry. "At Oxford, where I was a little known, I did once have a brief, because one of the local bar had over-eaten himself at some swan-hopping corporation feast down at Sandford, when his father—of course, the 'eminent attorney,' as the local penny-a-liners called him—was mayor. It was for poaching, of course, and I had to defend the accused. What was the result? I sat up half the night and prepared an address to the jury, which must have got the prisoner off; but, when the case came on next morning, the wretch pleaded guilty."

"But, if he were guilty," said Alice, "oughtn't he to have pleaded guilty?"

"I don't know any thing about that," said Harry. "Edward had better answer you, Miss Alice. All I know is, he spoiled my speech, my maiden and only speech. For I had never had any thing before but a motion, of course."

"But," said Mr. Beeswing, who was rather in a crucifying mood that morning, "oughtn't both you and Edward Vernon to be in court at this very moment, in Westminster Hall, or at Guildhall, following your profession?"

"Of course we ought," said Harry.

"Why, then, are you not there?"

"Because we're here and far happier," said Harry, throwing a stone at a water-rat, which was cautiously trying to swim across the stream a little higher up.

Then he went on with triumph.

"Hit him, by Jove! and turned him. See! he's coming back to this bank."

"Then you're not like the kingfisher," said Mr. Beeswing, "who, in all his rich apparel, given him, as Darwin says, to make himself lovely and adorable in the eyes of his mate, works and toils, and dives and darts, from morning till night, to feed his family."

"As for that," said Harry, "it seems to me that life, like the kingfisher's, if it's all work, is not worth having. I prefer play, though I don't mind working a little; and, if you must know, that's why Edward and I are here. We prefer play; and, having enough to live on, and pay our way, we had rather be here at High Beech, in your most agreeable though rather catechising company, instead of listening to an argument *à banc* before all the judges in the land. We are very happy here, and I don't think either the attorneys, or the attorneys' sons, or Mr. Justice Sharp himself, will miss us on this glorious summer day."

"But you heard good things sometimes on the circuit?" said Mr. Beeswing.

"Not many," said Harry. "They said it was a dull circuit, and so I thought it. The only good thing I remember hearing, Mr. Justice Sharp said. The other judge was Mr. Baron Blinker, who can't see two feet before his nose, and always makes a sad hash of his notes. He never said a good thing within legal memory. But Mr. Justice Sharp did say a very good thing."

"What was it?" said Lady Carlton. "That is, if it's a good thing in which ladies may share."

"It is a story suited to the capacity of both the sexes," said Harry. "You must know that on our circuit were two barristers, one very tall and one very short. I'll call the tall barrister Biggs—though his name of course isn't Biggs at all, and the other Manikin, though his name isn't Manikin either. Well, one morning when we went into court, it so happened that Mr. Biggs, the tall man, was sitting next to Mr. Manikin, the short man, and in the course of business Mr. Manikin rose, fully primed, to address the court. Rising is a legal term, and means that, when a man speaks in court, he gets on his legs. So Mr. Justice Sharp, when Mr. Manikin rose, looked at him sternly for a minute, and said, solemnly:

"Mr. Manikin, it is usual for counsel, when they address the court, to stand up."

"But, my lord," said Mr. Manikin, indignantly, "I am standing up."

"Then," said Mr. Justice Sharp, "Mr. Biggs, may I trouble you to sit down?" And so that eminent judge hit both those worthy counsel, against whom it was whispered that he had rather a spite, with one stone."

Every one laughed at this story, except Count Pantouffles, who could not see the joke.

"How with one stone? I do not understand. Did he throw a stone and hit them both?"

"Just so," said Mr. Beeswing, "and I think he made a very good shot.—I shall tell that story again, Harry, and I sha'n't say

where I got it from. Don't you betray me, if I tell it in your company."

"Why," said Edward, "every fellow knows it in Westminster Hall."

"Very likely," said Mr. Beeswing; "but then the fellows in Westminster Hall—those attorneys' sons of whom you were talking—don't often, I am thankful to say, dine where I dine; and so, for some time at least, I shall have the story all to myself."

"But, Mr. Fortescue," said Amicia, "have you no ambition?"

"Not much," said Harry. "At my time of life ambition is nearly all taken out of one, after one has had so many disappointments."

"That is not behaving like the kingfisher. He very seldom misses his mark; but when he does, he doesn't sit on a stone and sulk. He tries again, and so he goes on till he has fed his wife and family, as Mr. Beeswing says, and after that he fills his own crop; and then, and not till then, he sits on a stone, and—"

"Reflects, as Mr. Sonderling says," said Harry.

"Digests, I should say," said Mr. Beeswing. "I make no distinction between reflecting and digesting. The ruminating process is the same in both states."

"And recollect," said Harry, "by the time the kingfisher has fed his family, and filled his own crop, he is an old bird and fit for nothing else. He at least has no ambition. His strength is to sit still."

"Yes," said Amicia; "but you will not, or you cannot understand. Of course a man, or for that matter a kingfisher, has no ambition when he is old. Ambition in the old is an uncomfortable feeling or passion, the desire to get something which can never be fulfilled. But in the young, at your time of life, Mr. Fortescue, it is the noblest incentive to action. There are no great men who have not been ambitious in early life."

"Yes! but I am not a great man, and never shall be one," said Harry.

"You might be if you chose," said Amicia, sharply.—"Don't you think he might, Mr. Beeswing?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Beeswing. Then, in a melancholy way: "I am afraid both Harry and Edward are too like me to get on. They're too idle, too fond of lying by the side of clear streams with lovely women, and other men as idle as themselves; and so, and so, the stream of life runs by, and they find themselves idle, obstinate old fogies, who have never done a day's work in all their lives that they could help. You see, if a man runs cunning, and shirks work in England, there's no chance for him. Without work as constant as that kingfisher, no man can succeed in England."

"It's a great pity," said Lady Pennyroyal, who was a thorough Tory, "and that's how it is that great posts are filled with low-lived democratic people, who have nothing to lose, and so the taxes are laid on the rich and taken off the poor."

"And isn't that a very good arrangement?" said Florry. "Suppose the taxes were laid on the poor, why they couldn't pay them; but somebody must pay them, and so

the rich would have to pay after all. It would come to the same thing."

"But I mean the poor, or the lower classes, if you like the term better, ought to bear their share," said Lady Pennyroyal. "If they don't, they will lose all self-respect, and we shall have, as Lord Pennyroyal says, annual Parliaments, members paid to tax other people, and a redistribution of all the landed estates in the country."

"Dear me, how shocking!" said Lady Sweetapple.

"It has been done in other countries," said Mr. Beeswing; "and what has been done there, might be done here."

"I don't much care," said Harry.—"They won't level down to us, I suppose, Ned. They can't say that you or I have much stake in the country, though our money is in the Funds."

"That's just what I complain of," said Lady Pennyroyal. "Young men say they don't care, and expect us to take that as an answer. Why, it's no answer at all. They ought to care to succeed at the bar, to go into Parliament, to be good speakers, to take office if they're fit for it, to be good clerks, heads of departments, governors of colonies, foreign ministers, and ministers of the crown; but they don't care to take the pains to begin. They will never put their best foot forward, and so all these offices fall into the hands of low people. That will be the ruin of the country."

"But if the low people have the wits and brains," said Amicia, "and are fitter for all these places?"

"That I deny," said Lady Pennyroyal, stoutly. "Our class have better wits and brains than any other class in the country. Look, too, at the vantage-ground from which we start, with our lands, income, and social position; and then don't tell me that our young men ought not to outstrip every other class in the country in any competition, if they would only take the pains. But they are idle, they are lazy, and won't take the pains."

"But it's so pleasant to be idle," said Harry; "especially when it's so hot."

"I am afraid you are incorrigible," said Lady Carlton. "Thank you for your story, Mr. Fortescue, and for your frankness. At any rate, we have been very lucky; and if we have not been quite as industrious as the kingfisher—there he darts again—or as the water-ousels, at any rate we have had some very improving discourse, and I hope both you young men will lay it to heart."

So they walked toward the pony-carriage, where the ponies had not led a life of idleness, for the flies tormented them so that they had hard work to keep them off, even with the help of their groom.

"Count Pantouffles," said Lady Carlton, "will you get in?"

This she said after she and Lady Pennyroyal had taken their seats.

"Certainly," said the count, with a smile and a bow which showed that, in his opinion, smiling and bowing were as music and painting among the liberal arts. If any thought ran through the rooms of his empty head, it was, no doubt, that a man who had raised bowing and smiling to the dignity of the lib-

eral arts could not be said to have spent his life in vain. Before Pantouffles came, bowing was a mere fashion; he had made it a law; seized the mere habit and custom, and made it an institution. Compared with other bowers, he was as a sober man among drunkards. For him, then, Lady Pennyroyal's reproaches had no force. Whatever Harry and Edward might be or do, his time had not been wasted; and he might sit down and eat three full meals a day with as safe a conscience as the kingfisher, which he so much resembled in the splendor of his attire.

The walking-party returned, not as they had come down to the river, in detachments, but in one body. They were gay and joyous, and no one could see, from Amicia's behavior, that she felt the least hurt at Florry's cross-examination under the tree. And so, with many jokes and jeers from Mr. Beeswing, and denunciations from Colonel Barker and his wife, and Mr. Marjoram against the idleness of young men of the present time, they reached the Hall, puffing and panting, and there found Mr. Sonderling waiting for them, deep as usual in his own thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

YET another month has smoothly slid past, and we are here still. We know not how much longer we may have to bide here; but, alas! we do know that when we go we shall not all go; but that one of us, whether we will it or not, must stay behind. One of us God has called, saying to her, both in the dark night and in the broad blue noon, "Come!" and to that strong bidding there can be said no "Nay." This is an invitation to which we cannot say, "I will not," or "I will." Bidden, one must go. Thus our Lenore is going. We say so now, and so it is. At first, we did not breathe it even to ourselves; then, after a while, each whispered it low to her own sad heart: now, we say it aloud to one another.

We have been here ten weeks; the summer, that we found in its first cool youth, has now assumed the hot gravity of its August ripeness. We have outlived many lovely dynasties of the flowers; have seen them arise and prosper, and then sweetly die. O flowers! give us a lesson; teach us your way of dying, your gentle, unregretting extinction. Our Death is a cruel fellow; he is not content to take us with a kindly mildness. Did he but stretch out a friendly hand to us, some among us would not be over-loath to put ours in it, and go away with him whither he list. But he comes with his eyeless, ash-gray skull-face; with his racks and his scourges—can he blame us that we shrink and shiver away from him? Lenore has been looking him steadily in the face now, for a long time past, but still she shivers, still she pales, at the

sound of his nearing feet. Lenore is among those who go, *knowing* it. Some depart smiling; ignorantly babbling of fond home trifles, with eyes still fixed on earth's dear, sunshiny hills and plains. Overhead in the flood are they plunged, or ever they know that they are within sight of its bank. But Lenore knows. I am uncertain whether we should ever have had the heart to tell her; whether we should not have let her slip into the next world, without being aware of it. For myself, I think it the kinder plan; I think that, to one whom God has summoned, *Himself* will reveal it in meet time, without the intervention of any harsh human voice saying roughly, "You will die." But, as you know, an accident has revealed it to Lenore. Sometimes she forgets it for a moment; sometimes the conquered spirit of youth reasserts itself; sometimes she talks gayly of what she will do next year; sometimes she rives our hearts by making plans for the winter, whose snows she will never feel, for the now-distant spring, whose flowers will open upon her grave. But it is only for a little while that the beautiful illusion lives; always it vanishes, as the cold dew vanishes from the fine, fresh morning grass.

It is a fearfully hot day, softly overcast; the keen mountain-air, cool and crisp, which so rarely falls from these high places, has gone to draw new sharpness from the snows, and left us gasping. A silent day, but for the loud rumblings of the thunder in the great, grand hills.

Sylvia sits in her bedroom, crying over the last volume of a Tauchnitz novel, benevolently lent her by Mrs. Scrope, which makes her hotter still. Lenore lies, with heavy eyelids drooped over sunk eyes, on the sofa in our sitting-room; it has been transformed, as much as possible, into the likeness of a couch, and drawn up close to the window, to catch any stray little travelling breeze. Breathing is always difficult to Lenore now, but to-day specially so. I am sitting beside her, fanning her. She expressed a while ago a sudden longing for lemonade, as a nice, cool drink. I ask Kolb to make me some, as it is a beverage that does not grow ready-made in these parts. Kolb's lemonade is produced by pouring hot water on lemons; five minutes ago it entered *boiling*. I have been pouring the whole stock of water contained in my bedroom's tiny ewer and bottle into a wash-hand basin, and causing the lemonade-jug to stand in it, in the forlorn hope of cooling it through the agency of this half-pint of tepid water. Now I have returned to Lenore, and am fanning her again. The languid flies come and march about upon her outflung arms, with their little tickling, maddening legs, and, when I strike out wildly and indignantly at them, with a little self-conscious buzz they fly away and elude me. With my resentful eyes I have followed one to the wall, where he stands twisting his blind-legs together. Then my sad gaze returns to the place where it has dwelt all morning—Lenore's sunken, weary, pained face; the face that might as well be any one else's, for all resemblance that it bears to hers—hers, our beauty! O bad, cruel Death! Why cannot you take us all at once, without first stealing beauty and

grace and harmony? Do you care to hold nothing but disfigurement and decay in your frosty arms? I am sorrowfully pondering on the probability of her passing to-day—half wishing it, and yet half grudging—when her eyes slowly unclose, and she speaks.

"You fan me badly," she says, feebly and complainingly; "so irregularly, and intermittently—not half so well as Charlie does. Send him."

"But, my dear," I say, gently remonstrating, "you always *will* talk to him, you know, and you are not up to it."

"I *mean* to talk to him," she says, with a pitiful shadow of her old resolute wilfulness. "I have something to say to him—something I *must* say to him—a favor to ask of him."

"A favor?"

"Yes," she answers, petulantly, "a favor; but it is nothing to you; it is not you that I am going to ask—send him."

So I obey. I find him sitting in his own room, his hands thrust into his tossed bright hair, and his eyes, red with watching and weeping, idly fixed on the cruel color of the unfeeling smiling hills. "She has sent for you," I say, entering listlessly. "She says you fan her so much better than I do. She has also something to say to you, a favor to ask—a *favor*—what can it be?" I end, a little inquisitively. He does not pay any heed to my curiosity; he is already in the passage when I call him back. "Stay," I say; "before you go, bathe your eyes and try to smile; you know, poor soul, she—she likes us to look cheerful."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

"How long you have been!" she says, querulously. "I thought you were never coming. You might have made a little haste."

"I will be quicker next time, darling," he answers, kneeling down gently beside her, and speaking firmly and cheerfully.

"Fan me," she says, panting; "fan me strongly and regularly."

She lies back exhausted, and he hears her mutter:

"At least wherever I go, I shall have breath."

Utter silence for five minutes, save for the gentle noise made by the winnowing of the fan.

"Lift me," she says, stretching out her arms to him. "Lying down I gasp."

He lifts her with delicate care, and her dying head droops in sisterly abandonment on his kind shoulder.

"Dear old fellow," she says, faintly; "kind old brother."

Yet another pause; no sustained conversation is possible.

"I am going very fast, Charlie."

"Yes, darling."

"I was always one to do things quickly, if I did them at all—I was never a dawdle."

No answer.

"You will get away before the season is over, after all."

"O love, hush!"
 "You would do something to oblige me, would not you, Charlie?"

"Any thing possible, beloved."

"But supposing it were impossible?"

"Still I would do it."

"That is right," she answers, with a sigh of relief.

"I am glad."

Then she is again silent for a long time. The thunder still grumbles deeply in the hot heart of the hills, and the flies still walk about torpidly upon her white wrapper.

"You know all the old story—about Paul," she says, presently, with a little excitement in her faint and hollow voice.

"Yes, I know it."

"You know the reason why I have borrowed the advertisement sheet of your *Times* every day?"

"I—I have guessed it."

"I have daily looked carefully through the marriages," she says, with a sort of feeble eagerness, "but I have never seen *his*."

"Neither have I."

A long and painful fit of coughing intervenes.

"Tell me the rest to-morrow," he says, gently bending over her.

She smiles slightly.

"It is all very well for you to talk—you, who are rich in to-morrows. How do I know that I have one?"

Again he fans her, trying to coax the cool little waves of air to her hot and parted lips.

"He said it—was—to be—*immediately*," she murmurs, after a pause; "since it has not been yet—perhaps—it will never be."

"Perhaps."

"Very likely it is broken off," she says, a ray of pleasure lighting up her face. "I never told you so before—but—between ourselves—I do not think—he was very eager about it. No doubt it is broken off."

"No doubt."

She has taken his hand, and is stroking it with a sort of patronizing caressingness.

"Kind, good, patient Charlie!" she says, softly. "Whose errands will you run on—when I am gone?"

No answer.

"I have *one* more errand to send you on," she continues, with feeble eagerness; "longer, disagreeable, more difficult, than any of the others. Will you run on it, too?"

"O beloved, try me!"

"There is at least one advantage in being in a dying state," she says, by-and-by, gravely and solemnly; "as long as I was well I could not send for him—could not ask him to come back to me—could not move a finger to bring him—all the advances must have come from him. But now—*now*—I may send for whom I please, and no one will call me unmanly, will they?"

"No one," he answers steadily, though his face is drawn with the pain of finding that still, in those last hours, he is second, always second. She is looking earnestly at him; her large gray eyes—unnaturally, unbecomingly large now—are reading his countenance like an open book.

"It hurts you," she says, calmly; "well,

I have always hurt you. I suppose you like it, or you would not have stayed with me, but would have gone, as Paul did. Well, have I made you understand? I wish to send for him."

For a second he turns away his head, and gathers his strength together; then he says, kindly and gently:

"Do you wish me to write or telegraph?"

"I wish neither," she answers, with a little impatience; "do you think that *that* is my errand? That would not be a very hard one, just to walk down to the post-office; I might charge even Sylvia with that. Listen: of course you need not do it unless you wish; of course I cannot *make* you. I wish to make sure. I wish you to *go and fetch him*."

He gives an involuntary start of utter pain and anguish.

"And leave you, O my darling?"

"And leave me," she echoes, pettishly; "what good do you do me? What good does any one do me? Can you give me breath or sleep?"

He rises and walks to the window. The evening draws on, and the thunder is dumb. He looks out on the great mountains—lilac while the sun is setting, gray when he is gone—the mountains whose playfellows the swift snow-storms are, and about whose necks the clouds wreath their wet, white arms; looks at the deep, torrent courses that furrow their sides, and at the straight, dark pines, which the winter strips not, and to whom lavish Spring, with her gentian-wreath, and her lap full of flowered grasses, brings no embellishment; looks at them all, without seeing them. Then he comes back to the couch-side, and says—

"I will go."

"You think he will not come?" she says, looking wistfully at him. "I see it in your face, but I know better; if you had seen him at Bergun, you would have thought differently. Yes" (with a little, shining smile), "he will come!"

"There is no doubt of it," he replies, quietly.

"Even if he is married he will come," she says, still smiling; "his wife will spare him for those few days, and, if she hesitates, you may tell her that, whatever I was once, I am not a person to be jealous of now."

Silence.

"You will set off to-morrow morning, *early*," she says, feverishly. "I am afraid it is too late to-day. You know his address? Oh, yes, of course; you have been there?"

"Yes."

"And you will *certainly* bring him—*certainly*?"

"Yes."

She closes her eyes with a long sigh of relief. She lies so still that he is uncertain whether she sleeps; but, after a time, she opens them again.

"You wonder why I wish so much to see him again," she says, slowly, "when he does not wish to see me; you think it is *love*. No, it is not. When one is as sick as I am, one is past love; only all the night through his face *vezes* me. I am worried with it; it never leaves me; I torment myself trying to recall every line of it. I *must* see whether I have

remembered it right; it has been with me every moment in this world. I must take it, distinct and clear, with me into the next."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Lilies for a bridal-bed;
 Roses for a matron's head;
 Violets for a maiden dead."

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

CHARLIE is gone. Very early to-day he set off. I stood by him on the steps, in the cool of the young and shining morning, as he prepared to step into the carriage which was to take him up and down the long, steep mountain-passes to Chur.

"Keep her till I come back," he said, wringing my hand with unknowing violence. "If I come back to find her gone, I shall never forgive you—never. Promise!"

"How can I promise?" I said, sorrowfully. "Have I life and death in my hand? How can I hinder her going?"

So he is gone, and we are waiting—waiting with strained ears and hot eyes—to see which will win the race to Lenore's side, Death or Paul. Lenore herself fights with all her strength—alas, how little!—with a strength not her own—on Paul's side. She *refuses* to die. For more than a week past she has turned with loathing from every species of nourishment; now she demands it greedily. She will not speak—will not utter a word—for fear of wasting the little breath that remains to her. People are very kind; every hour of the day solicitous faces meet us on the landing-place, with pitying gestures and expressions of sympathy. Guests in the hotel tread softly, and scold their children when they hear them whooping and noisily tumbling, with the utter unfeelingness of childhood, down the slight stairs, and along the thin-walled passages.

And now all the days between Scrope's going and his expected back-coming have rolled away. Before he went, we calculated accurately together distances and times; this is the day on which he engaged to return. Lenore is still here—still fighting—disputing her life, inch by inch, hand to hand, with the all-victor.

"He will come to-day," she has said, speaking for the first time for many hours—speaking confidently. "It is my lucky day; something tells me so."

I have drawn the scant window-curtain, and thrown wide the window, and looked out on the unutterable majesty of the morning hills.

"I *will* not die to-day!" she says, clinching her feeble hand. "I have some life left in me yet—more than you think. It would be too cruel to go before he came; he would be so disappointed." I turn and gaze mournfully at her. Her voice is stronger, and the inward excitement of her soul has sent a last little flame of color to her cheeks. "Let us be ready for him," she says, with a tender smile. "Take away all those physic-bottles

—every thing that looks like sickness. Make the room pretty; gather plenty of flowers.”

So I obey her. All about the room, following her directions, I place the gay, sweet flowers. O wonderful, lovely flowers!—whence do you steal your tender stains? Is it from the brown earth or the colorless wind? Later on, as the day draws toward noon, she expresses a wish to be dressed. I remonstrate gently, fearing the exhaustion consequent on so unwonted an exertion; but she is resolute.

“I shall wish so few things any more,” she says, simply and pleadingly; “you may as well let me have my way.” Thus I tearfully consent. “The old blue gown,” she says, with an eager smile; “Louise will find it among my things. It is the only one among my clothes that he ever praised. He never was one to notice clothes, but he liked that. Only the last time I saw him he was talking of it.”

So, with many pauses, slowly and mournfully, with sorrowful faces, as if we were already dressing her for her grave, we dress her in the old blue gown. Alas! it is pitifully large for her. But she is not yet satisfied. In spite of pain, in spite of utter prostration, she must also have her hair dressed—her long, bright hair—the one thing that reminds her.

“Plait it round and round my head,” she says, looking with feverish entreaty into my sad face. “Take great pains. Put no *frisettes*—nothing artificial; he does not like it; but yet let it be becoming.”

Becoming! at such a time! O God! Amazed I look at her, and a half doubt enters my mind that I have been allotting her too short a space of further life. Her voice sounds certainly stronger, and there is a ray of living animation in her great, sunken eyes. Toward evening she grows very restless, and I hear her murmur to herself, “He must make haste—make haste. The road is long and steep—so many sharp turns and twists. I hope the horses are sure-footed. But it is only for *once*; he might make haste.” She is as one running a hard race that is nearing the goal, but hears his rival’s feet close upon his track, and strains every tense nerve in the effort and agony of attainment. Will she attain her goal? It is the question that, as day droops into night, makes us all ever more and more breathless. She speaks little with her faint lips, but with her hunted, piteous eyes she *entreats* us to keep her. I cannot bear those eyes.

The light is gone, and the candles are lit. “Let me read to you a little,” I say, softly, in a tear-strangled voice.

“Yes,” she answers; “yes; if you will—if you like.”

But she is not listening. I sit down with the Bible upon my knees. I can hardly see the page for tears. I scarcely know where I turn. I begin at the words of godlike consolation that fit any grief; that come never amiss: “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.” They open the fount of my own sorrow, that requires but a touch to uncloset it. “Are you listening?” I ask, gently, trying to scan her face across the candle’s feeble flame.

“Yes,” she answers, with a sort of hurry; “yes—to be sure—I am listening!—but read lower; one cannot hear any little noise outside when you read so loud.”

Sighing, I lay down the book, and walking to the window look out—look out at the little quarter moon, and the travelling stars—the sky, that speaks of sleep and unutterable quietness—the dark mountain-bulks, with flashes of silver on their giant flanks—the narrow street, with the lights from the hotel playing on the little houses opposite—the small, white cross gleaming in the moonlight—the solitary pacer down the tongueless street—the solemn glacier-river that saith nothing light, but singeth ever the plain, hoarse song.

“After all—I shall have to go!” she says, with a low wail. “I cannot wait—I cannot. O Paul! you might have hurried!”

I here thrust my head as far out of the window as it will go. I am listening. At first, nothing but the river—nothing! O river! I hate you; be silent for once. Then a little noise mixes with it—so small and uncertain that one cannot positively say at first that it is not a part of the stream’s roar; then it separates itself—grows distinct—nears. I turn to the bed, with an unspeakable weight lifted from my heart. “He is coming!” I say, with a smile; but already she has heard. Could I expect my ears to be keener than hers? Even in death she looks very joyful. As the carriage noisily rolls up toward the hotel, I turn with the intention of going down to meet the travellers; but she stops me.

“Stay!” she says, stretching out her hand eagerly. “Do not go! I forbid you! I will have the first look!”

So we remain in absolute silence for two enormous minutes; then the sound of a step running quickly and lightly up the stairs—a step—surely there is only *one*! The door opens, and Charlie enters, haggard, travel-stained, and *alone*. She does not even look at him; her eyes are staring, with an awful, eager intensity, at the door behind him; but no one follows, nor does he leave it open, as if expecting to be followed. On the contrary, he closes it behind him.

“Great God!” I say, running up to him, half out of my wits with excitement, “what is this? You have come without him. You have not brought him!”

He does not answer.

Putting me aside, he goes hastily to the couch, kneels down beside it, taking her gently in his arms, and says, in a hoarse voice:

“My darling, I have broken my promise—but I could not help it—it was not my fault. He—he—has not come, because—because it was his wedding-day when I got there. O beloved, speak to me! Say you forgive me—you are not going without *one* word—speak—speak!”

But Lenore will never speak to him any more: her head has sunk back, with all its pretty, careful plaits, on his shoulder—Lenore has

“Gone through the straight and dreadful pass of death.”

THE END.

ARTIST-LIFE OF MORSE.

WILLIAM DUNLAP, in his invaluable “History of the Arts of Design in America,” says: “One of our best and most intelligent artists, Samuel F. B. Morse, president of the National Academy, has mentioned to the writer an anecdote connected with this subject” (of George III.’s intimacy with Benjamin West). “He says that, on one occasion, when he entered Mr. West’s painting-room, long after the death of George III., he found the artist engaged in copying a portrait of that king, and, as he sat at his work, and talked, according to his custom: ‘This picture,’ said he, ‘is remarkable for one circumstance; the king was sitting to me for it when a messenger brought him the declaration of American independence.’ It may be supposed that the question, ‘How did he receive the news?’ was asked. ‘He was agitated at first,’ said West, ‘then sat silent and thoughtful; at length, he said: “Well, if they cannot be happy under my government, I hope they may not change it for a worse. I wish them no ill.”’”

So great is the interval of time, so wide the space of history, that Professor Morse bridged over for us! He has died a modern man of the moderns, and yet could peep over his shoulder into the very twilight of our Revolutionary period. He was the pupil of Timothy Dwight and the contemporary of Cyrus Field. He studied art under West, and lived to criticise the works of Church and Bierstadt. He was the friend of Allston and Leslie, and the patron of our latest artists in *genre*. He founded and presided over the National Academy, yet survived to see the new school take control of it under William Page.

Morse has won such distinction in the walks of applied science that people are like to forget how near he came to becoming a great artist. Had he not invented the electric telegraph, the world would assuredly have heard much of him in some other way, quite as satisfactory to his renown, if not to his fortunes. His was not a light to be hid under a bushel in any sort of contingency. He had skill, industry, talent, immense energy, and an organizing administrative capacity that would have been sure to find a field somewhere for its exercise.

Morse had the instincts of an artist from birth. He proved this in conquering the practical, matter-of-fact plans of his father for him in early life, and persuading that respectable parent that art was an incorrigible passion in his breast. He proved it by his devotion to Allston at a period when West was the type of high art in almost all American minds, and Allston’s shy, difficult, hesitating work “*caviare* to the general.”

“I go to Allston,” said Morse, “as a comet goes to the sun, not to add to his material, but to imbibe light from him.”

This pretty metaphor is more than a mere figure of speech. Allston was the first American pencil that had ever dipped intelligently into the mysterious alembic of color.

Morse was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 29, 1791. He was of excellent stock—on the maternal side descended

from the famous Dr. Finley, of Princeton College. He was graduated at Yale, in 1810, a favorite pupil of the author of "Greenfield Hill." In 1811 he went to Europe in company with Allston, who was returning thither to practise the art in which he had already acquired such mastery. At West's painting-rooms—then as ever the resort, the harbor, and the school of young American artists—Morse met Charles Robert Leslie, whom Bradford and other Philadelphians had just sent abroad, a very promising student. A friendship immediately sprung up, and the two took rooms together at No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square, a house which was occupied by art-students from this country for more than a generation.

Morse was well treated by the kindly old West, who was a much better man than he was an artist. He instructed Morse, and, as was his custom, used him for his model, taking Morse's hands for those of the Saviour in his "Christ Rejected."

The old master must have been a good teacher. Morse, in order to make a favorable impression, had copied for his first drawing from a cast of the Farnese "Hercules," and had worked steadily at it for a fortnight before he subjected it to West's scrutiny.

"Very well, sir," said West, looking at the drawing a long while, and praising it liberally—"very well; go on and finish it."

"It is finished," said Morse.

"Oh, no," replied West, "look here, and here, and here," pointing to many unfinished places which had escaped the untutored eye of the young student.

No sooner were they pointed out, however, than they were felt, and a week longer was devoted to a more careful finishing of the drawing, until, full of confidence, he again presented it to the critical eye of West.

The picture was complimented further, but with a repetition of the injunction to go on and finish it.

"Is it not finished?" asked Morse, almost discouraged.

"Not yet," replied West, "you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger-joints."

Determined to give satisfaction, Morse retouched and reviewed his work again and again, and took it a third time to his critic.

"Well, sir, well! But go on and finish it!"

"I cannot finish it," rejoined Morse, now quite despairing.

"Well," answered West, "I have tried you long enough. Now, sir, you have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished by a dozen half-finished beginnings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one, which makes a thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

Morse's art-career in London was a very creditable one. He began by painting a picture of the "Dying Hercules" for exhibition at the Royal Academy, and, following Allston's plan, modelled in clay a figure from which to paint.

When West saw the cast which was made from this figure, he called to his son Raphael and said:

"Look there, sir! I have always told you any painter can become a sculptor."

The painting of "Hercules" was in the Somerset-House Exhibition in May, 1813, and was very well received, while the plaster model, having been entered for competition at the Society of Arts, was awarded the gold medal. This was presented to Morse publicly by the Duke of Norfolk, the president of the institution. It is noticeable that this country was at war with England at the time. Dunlap remarks:

"We see in this another instance of the impartiality with which the English treated our artists. Allston and Leslie were treated in the same manner during this period of national hostility. Allston says England made no distinction between American and her own artists; yet Trumbull, as we have seen, attributes his failures at this time to the enmity of the English. We are glad to bear testimony to the good feeling of the enlightened public of Great Britain, which placed them above a mean jealousy or a barbaric warfare upon the arts."

When, in 1815, after four years devoted to the study of historical painting, Morse embarked for home, West looked at his picture of the "Judgment of Jupiter," and said, "You had better remain, sir." Morse, however, held to his plan, and, full of hope and flushed with success, set up his heroic easel in Boston. He was flatteringly received in society, but, at the end of a year, had not had a single order in the line of his profession. This would not do—he must live, if not by history, then by some meaner branch. He took his canvases and paints, and in New Hampshire, at fifteen dollars a head, found so many portraits to paint, that in a few months he had restored his finances to a comfortable condition, and found opportunities to meet, court, and engage himself to the lady who afterward became his wife.

He had an uncle, Dr. Finley, living in South Carolina, to whom he wrote, and was invited to try his art in Charleston. After waiting awhile, he painted the doctor's portrait, and in a few weeks had one hundred and fifty portraits engaged, at sixty dollars each. Upon this he married, and spent every winter in Charleston for several years.

But portrait-painting did not satisfy Morse's ambition. In 1819 he conceived the design of painting the interior of the House of Representatives, after the plan of the picture of the "Capuchin Chapel," then a great exhibition success. He gave much time and labor to this work, but it was time and labor thrown away; the exhibition failed, and Morse was reduced to poverty. In 1822 he worked in New York, and there painted for the corporation the portrait of Lafayette. In February, 1825, his wife died in New Haven, and then, in quick succession, his son died, his venerable father, and his beloved mother.

In 1829 Morse went abroad again, to England and Italy. This trip, which he took to confirm himself in art-knowledge, was the means of his finally leaving art, for it was on the voyage that he first learned about the powers of the electro-magnet. He was received in London with honor as the president of the National Academy, he heard Sir

Thomas Lawrence lecture for the last time; and he enjoyed the cordial intimacy and friendship of Leslie and Newton. He copied many pictures in Italy, and in France made a picture of the gallery of the Louvre, with the most celebrated paintings in miniature—a work that greatly pleased Fenimore Cooper, but not the New-York public.

It is noticeable, in connection with Morse's career as an artist, that his ambition would not permit him to follow the safe and profitable walks of portraiture. When he found no field for historical painting, he seized upon new methods, and embarked in new experiments, with the restlessness and impatience of true genius. It is entirely probable that we owe his great invention chiefly to his revolt against a state of the arts that would not permit a man to live while pursuing their nobler forms and higher manifestations. It is certain that an artist of genuine creative force was thus spoiled. Allston, writing in 1834, said emphatically: "I rejoice to hear your report of Morse's advance in his art. *I know what is in him, perhaps, better than any one else. If he will only bring out all that is there, he will show powers that many now do not dream of.*" Allston was indebted to Morse for a theory of the distribution of colors, which, he said, had saved him "many an hour's labor." This theory, suggested to Morse by the study of the great work of Paul Veronese, in the British National Gallery, was, succinctly, that the highest light is cold, the mass of light warm, the middle tint cool, the shadow negative, and the reflection hot. Morse tested his theory by experimenting with balls of different hues, placed in boxes lined with the same colors, and convinced himself of its truth. Then he confirmed it by further examination of pictures. "I have observed," said he, "in a picture by Rubens, that it had a *foxy* tone, and, on examination, I found that the shadow (which, according to my theory, ought to be negative) was *hot*. Whenever I found this to be the case, I found the pictures *foxy*."

As was to be expected of the man who perfected the system of the electric telegraph, Morse added great executive ability to his inventive powers. He had large faith in the efficacy of coöperation, and knew how to bring it about on all occasions. In 1821, in Charleston, he agitated and organized until a league of artists and amateurs was established, and the South Carolina Academy of Fine Arts came into existence, with Joel R. Poinsett for president, and Morse, Fraser, and Cogdell, among the directors. In New York, in 1825, finding it impossible to infuse vitality and usefulness into the old American Academy of Fine Arts, which had grown rheumatic and cranky under the despotism of Colonel Trumbull, Morse headed an effective secession, and became the first president of the National Academy of Design, which finally swallowed up the elder concern, and has maintained an unintermitted honorable existence ever since.

Morse was on quite as good terms with the artists as with the art. He was a great favorite everywhere, and his art-friendships, resting upon the broadest foundation of kindness, helpfulness, and fraternal feeling, were

always for life. One of his early friends was Augustus Earle, with whom he rambled about many a rural lane in England while studying art in London in 1813-14. Eighteen years later, when Morse was president of the National Academy, he asked Leslie about Earle, and found that he was still a wanderer, having painted from Boston to New Zealand, made money and fame in Madras and Pondicherry, and taught drawing in Otaheite.

Morse's friendship with Leslie, after being tried by the severe test of familiar association for four years, flourished vigorously during the rest of Leslie's life. He always maintained, also, his intimacy with Allston, a warm-hearted, genuine man, but full of reserves and very retiring. In 1813 Allston had taken a house in London, and established himself there with his lovely wife, the sister of William Ellery Channing. His prospects were good, his hopes high, but he had no sooner got fixed in the new house than his wife fell sick, and died in a week. "The shock produced a temporary derangement or prostration of the artist's intellect. He took refuge with his friends Morse and Leslie, at their abode. They had been with him through the dreadful trial, and now superintended the last sad offices required by humanity. The only persons present at the funeral of the wife of Allston and sister of Channing were, Samuel F. B. Morse, Charles R. Leslie, and John Howard Payne, three of her countrymen."

EDWARD SPENCER.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

IT has been well and perhaps truly said, that the world will never be satisfied until the north-pole of the earth is discovered. Whenever this much-talked-of and hoped-for event occurs, it will also follow that the vexed question of an "open Polar Sea" will receive an equally desired-for solution.

Many eminent scholars and geographers deny, or rather dispute, the existence of any such sea; but the idea, or tradition, of it comes down to us as a legacy of past ages, before the navigators of the fifteenth century boldly ventured out into previously unknown seas; and, from the days of Columbus and his tutors, there has constantly lingered in the minds of men an idea regarding a large body of open, unexplored water at the far north.

In some of the oldest charts on record, the north-pole of the earth was laid down as a lofty rock, surrounded by open water, from which flowed four large rivers toward the cardinal points of the compass. In others, again, the supposed rock is replaced by a basin, into which the rivers empty themselves. These, however, were not the result of any actual explorations, but fantasies coined in the brains of ambitious map-makers, who cared more to flatter their royal patrons than to positively establish a fixed fact; and it is now generally supposed that Hendrick Hudson, early in the seventeenth century, was the first modern navigator who lent his reputation to the establishment of this theory of an open sea.

Certain it is that, from his time to the

present, the matter has been much discussed by theorists, while practical men have earnestly striven to penetrate the icy barrier surrounding this sea, laboring in the cause of science; and, again, sturdy old Dutch fishermen, who only thought of reaping a rich harvest, claim to not only have reached the pole, but also to have sailed two degrees beyond it, thus establishing the fact of open water—if they could only be believed; but it is extremely difficult to ascertain the exact dividing line between fact and fiction.

During the last three hundred years, more than one hundred exploring expeditions have been sent out by different nations, searching either for a northeast or northwest passage to the Pacific Ocean, or else to cross the region of the pole; while thousands of whalers have sailed in the same direction, and, in many instances, this latter class have gone farther than their scientific compeers. From Nova Zembla to Spitzbergen, by Greenland and through Baffin's Bay (not mentioning Behring's Straits), the struggle has been continued by such men as Willoughby, "stout old Humphrey Gilbert," Hudson, Vancouver, Behring, Barentz, Phipps, and many others equally famous for courage, skill, and conduct; but we find no proof that any of these worthies, excepting Parry, in 1827, ever reached the parallel of 81° north. He reached 82° 45', but only in open boats from Spitzbergen; and, instead of finding open water, these boats were dragged over floe-ice, which was carried south by the current faster than Parry's men could travel over it in the opposite direction.

Thus far, then, no open sea had been discovered. Wide spaces of clear water were frequently seen, through which ships might sail almost unobstructed by ice, for days; but these were evidently caused by the action of winds, tides, or currents, and were, without exception, more than six hundred geographical miles from the pole.

It remained for one of our own day and generation to stamp the seal of veracity upon this long-time fluctuating idea of an open sea. From the days of Parry, nearly all arctic voyages were made in search of the northwest passage, or else in trying to find Sir John Franklin and his men, who, while engaged in the same pursuit, had been "sent by the arctic frosts to death and immortality," until, in 1853, our own countryman, the lamented Kane, inspired by a new idea, pushed on into Smith's Sound. He was the first one who ever attempted to winter there, and, though finally compelled to abandon his vessel, one object of the expedition was accomplished, for in June, 1854, Morton, one of his men, reached the northern extremity of Greenland, in latitude 80° 40', where, from an elevation of four hundred feet, he saw open water extending beyond his line of vision. This was claimed as the first actual discovery of the "open Polar Sea."

Next came Dr. Hayes, who in 1861 crossed Smith's Sound on the ice to Grinnell Land, and in the month of May reached latitude 81° 45', where he planted our national flag on the most northern land ever gained by any explorer. This land continued still farther, but, having no boat, Dr. Hayes was

stopped by open water, and the clouds of doubt that hung over Dr. Kane's discovery were dispelled by this second vision of the "open sea," though many European scientists were extremely loath to admit the verification.

The southern limit of this open water was only five hundred miles from the pole, and extended indefinitely to the northward and eastward. Unfortunately, the doctor's little vessel had been so crippled in the fall of 1860 that it was not deemed safe to attempt driving her through the ice-barrier intervening between this place and her winter harbor, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles; and for this reason it was impossible to farther prosecute the search, as the hummocked ice was too rough to admit the transportation of a boat over it.

Here, then, the matter remained until the Germans renewed the search in 1868, under the direction of Dr. Petermann, the well-known geographer of Gotha. In the mean time, however, several minor expeditions had made short summer cruises from Sweden to Spitzbergen, but, as their researches were confined principally to physical geography and natural history, the results of them do not properly come under consideration at present. In 1868 the Germania was sent under Captain Koldewey, with instructions to look for a passage along the eastern coast of Greenland, or rather between Spitzbergen and Greenland. The highest latitude gained was 81° 05', north, in longitude 13° 37', east, but it was impossible for them to penetrate the ice-barrier farther, nor was there visible beyond it any open sea.

In the same year a Swedish ship, commanded by Captain Nordenskiöld, reached latitude 81° 42', in longitude 17° 30', east, where she was stopped by masses of ice, containing large quantities of stones and dirt, indicating plainly that there must be land in the direction from which the ice came.

In 1869 the Albert, another German vessel, sailed from the southern part of Spitzbergen to Nova Zembla, but in no place was she able to break through the ice-barrier, and only reached latitude 80° 14'. This same year, Dr. Petermann sent out his second expedition, consisting of the Germania and Hansa, with similar instructions to those given before, but in this instance the parties were prepared to winter on the east coast of Greenland. The highest latitude gained was about 75° 30'. Here Captain Koldewey wintered in safety, but the Hansa (a sailing-vessel) became separated from her consort, and was crushed in the pack. The crew saved themselves on the ice, where they remained all winter, drifting to the southward with the current until Cape Farewell was rounded, or passed; and then, again, north and west, to the vicinity of the Danish settlements, where the ice-raft was abandoned by them after an occupation of about two hundred days. Captain Koldewey resumed his efforts in 1870, and with his assistants performed a large amount of valuable scientific labor, but returned without achieving the principal object of his voyage.

1870 was an unusually favorable year for arctic navigation, the open water extending

from Spitzbergen to and beyond Nova Zembla, which was circumnavigated by Captain Johannessen; but, still, no further progress was made to the northward, though much important information was gained by various parties, in different branches of science, which have but little bearing on the present subject.

Last year, however, we were surprised at the publication in our daily papers of an enthusiastic letter from Dr. Petermann, stating that his last expedition, under Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht, had solved the great problem—he having received a telegram from them at Stromsøe, as follows: "In September, open sea followed from 42° to 60° east of Greenwich, beyond 78° north latitude. Highest latitude reached was 79° north, on the meridian of 43°, east. There found favorable state of ice toward the north, *probably* connection with the Polynia toward the east, *probably* the most favorable route to the north-pole."

It will readily be seen that these supposed discoveries hinge upon two very doubtful probabilities, for other navigators had previously done nearly if not quite as well. Upon the strength of these, however, Dr. Petermann takes it for granted that one of his favorite theories has been verified, and arrogates no small credit to himself at having mapped out this line of travel after twice failing on the Greenland coast. It is noticeable that in his letter no allusion is made to either Kane or Hayes, and he has always been so disinclined to acknowledge the merits of our American navigators, that some three years since he published a chart in which Greenland was projected nearly across the polar regions; blotting out as it were, the open sea of Kane and Hayes, and thus directly casting the stigma of falsehood upon the published account of their voyages.

This last expedition doubtless found a space of comparatively open water between the parallels of 78° and 79° north, but it does not necessarily follow that this was any portion of the "open Polar Sea," for its limits and position must be taken into account. Eighteen degrees of longitude have a magniloquent sound, but a degree on the parallel of 79° is only about twelve geographical miles, which gives us a sea sixty miles wide, and not two hundred and fifty miles in length. This certainly is not what we expect to find in the vicinity of the pole, nor is it a very great cause for congratulation that such a limited space of open water has been found in September, for that could probably be done almost any year, but so late in the season that it would be wholly unavailable for practical purposes, as the new ice begins forming in October, and there being no land near for a winter harbor, a vessel caught in the ice must inevitably winter in the pack.

Captains Ulve and Smith also found open water in this same month, in latitude 81° 24', and worked along through it to east longitude 27° 25', being then in latitude 80° 27'. As a proof that patches of open water are attainable almost every season, I shall instance the case of Captain Lamont, who sailed on his fifth voyage to the arctic seas from Dundee, April 23d of last year, and in the month of

June found a space free from ice between the parallels of 76° and 77°, and extending from 1° to 7° west of Greenwich; but, so far from feeling jubilant over this fact, he writes to Dr. Petermann that the ice-belt on East Greenland "looks more hopeless and impracticable every time I see it." This is the verdict of a man who himself looks for what he wishes.

It will be noticed by the reader that all of these European expeditions were directed east of Greenland, and most of them directly in one of the so-called "thermometric gateways to the pole," as, in fact, have been numerous others since the days of Hendrick Hudson, more than two hundred and fifty years ago. The writer has no intention of discussing here the merits of this theory, nor is it his object to express any decided opinion as to the existence of an "open sea;" but we may rest assured that there must be some reservoir at the far north, from which these strong currents are constantly pouring out to the southward; and another fact is equally certain—that in the last two decades our American navigators have accomplished as much toward discovering this "open sea," if it does exist, as has resulted from the combined labors of all other nations since the search for it first commenced. I do not except Parry in this case, for, although farther north than Kane and Hayes, he only found impassable ice, while our own explorers, in Smith's Sound, discovered open water illimitable to the vision, and were only debarred from navigating it by the want of proper vessels.

This may be called the American route for reaching the north-pole of the earth, and it is also approved by Admirals Collinson and Back, Captains Hamilton, Osborne, and McClintock, and many others of the British Navy, who won their proudest honors in the ice-fields of the north. The thermometric theory has also many ardent supporters (among them Dr. Petermann), and, as several European expeditions will sail this summer, it is to be hoped that the merits of the rival routes will be decided soon, it being more than probable that Captain Hall is already sending out his sledge-parties over the ice of Smith's Sound.

In this brief article the writer has endeavored, without showing any marked predilection for either route, to give a brief résumé of what has been accomplished in late years toward the discovery of this hoped-for "open sea," which is not only a dream of the past, but also the most important geographical problem remaining unsolved in these later days.

H. W. DODGE.

SCENES IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE act recently passed by Congress, reserving for a perpetual public park an area of fifty miles square in the valley of the Yellowstone River, has greatly enlisted public interest in this newly-explored section of our country.

The Yellowstone and the Columbia—the

first flowing into the Missouri, and thence to the Atlantic, the other into the Pacific—have their sources in the Rocky Mountains, within a few miles of each other. The source of the Yellowstone is a lake, seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the ocean, nestling among the snow-peaks of the highest mountain-range in the country. The area of its basin is fourteen hundred square miles. Four of the most important tributaries of the Missouri rise within it, viz., the Big Horn, the Yellowstone, the Madison, and the Gallatin; while the Snake River has its sources interlaced with those of the Yellowstone and the Gallatin.

The Yellowstone traverses a distance of thirteen hundred miles before it loses its waters in those of the Missouri. Its upper course is through immense cañons and gorges, and its flow is often marked by splendid water-falls and fierce rapids, presenting at various points some of the most remarkable scenery in the country. Its upper region is entirely volcanic, and abounds in boiling springs, mud-volcanoes, huge mountains of sulphur, and geysers, the marvels of which outdo those of Iceland. We illustrate in this number of the JOURNAL two striking features of the region, with the intention of giving our readers other views of a locality suddenly sprung into such notoriety.

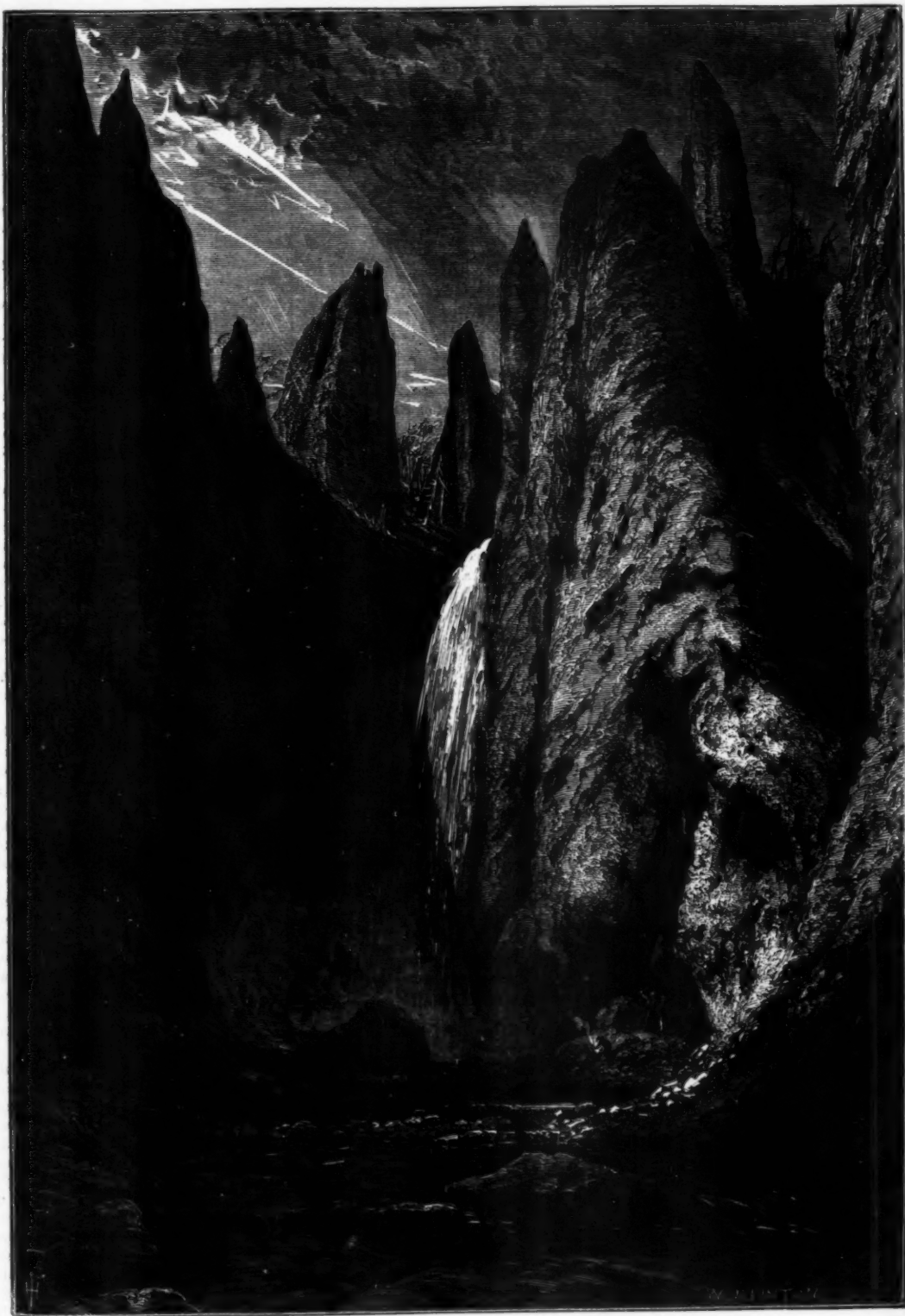
The Tower-Creek Falls is in a small stream subsidiary to the Yellowstone. This cascade is strikingly picturesque, with its surroundings of vast, tower-like rocks, many of which rise fully a hundred feet above the crest of the fall. The fall itself is a sheer descent of one hundred and fifty-six feet into a shallow basin, whence, after a succession of cascades, it reaches the river below. "Beyond Tower Creek," says Lieutenant Barlow, in his official report of the Government exploring expedition, "lies a beautifully-undulating country, covered with rich verdure, and decked with wild-flowers of every hue, many of them unknown to the Eastern States; yet the elevation here is so great (seven thousand feet) that frosts occur every night during the year."

But the remarkable features of this region are the hot springs or geysers in the vicinity of the lake, and we subjoin in full Lieutenant Barlow's description of the great geyser-basin:

"Entering the basin from the north, and following the banks of the Fire-Hole River, whose direction there is about northeast, a series of rapids, quite near together, is encountered, when the river makes a sharp bend to the southwest, at which point is found a small steam-jet upon the right. A warm stream comes in from the left, falling over a bank ten feet in height. A short distance beyond, a second rapid is found, and then another about one hundred yards farther on, where the gate of the geyser-basin is entered. Here, on either side of the river, are two lively geysers, called the 'Sentinels.' The one on the left is in constant agitation, its waters revolving horizontally with great violence, and occasionally spouting upward to the height of twenty feet, the lateral direction being fifty feet. Enormous masses of steam are ejected. The crater of this geyser



THE GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.



TOWER FALLS, YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

is three feet by ten. The opposite 'Sentinel' is not so constantly active, and is smaller. The rapids here are two hundred yards in length, with a fall of thirty feet. Following the bank of the river, whose general course is from the southeast, though with many windings, two hundred and fifty yards from the gate we reach three geysers acting in concert. When in full action, the display from these is very fine. The waters spread out in the shape of a fan, in consequence of which they have been named the 'Fan Geysers.' A plateau, opposite the latter, contains fifteen hot springs, of various characteristics; some are of a deep-blue color, from sulphate of copper held in solution, and having fanciful caverns distinctly visible below the surface of the water. The openings at the surface are often beautifully edged with delicately-wrought fringes of scalloped rock. One variety deposits a red or brown leathery substance, partially adhering to the sides and bottom of the cavern, and waving to and fro in the water like plants. The size of these springs varies from five to forty feet in diameter. One hundred yards farther up the east side of the stream is found a double geyser, a stream from one of its orifices, playing to the height of eighty or ninety feet, emitting large volumes of steam. From the formation of its crater it was named the 'Well Geyser.' Above is a pine-swamp of cold water, opposite which, and just above the plateau previously mentioned, are found some of the most interesting and beautiful geysers of the whole basin.

"First we come upon two small geysers near a large spring of blue water, while a few yards beyond are seen the walls and arches of the 'Grotto.' This is an exceedingly intricate formation, eight feet in height and ninety in circumference. It is hollowed into fantastic arches, with pillars and walls of almost indescribable variety. This geyser plays to the height of sixty feet, several times during the twenty-four hours. The water, as it issues from its numerous apertures, has a very striking and picturesque effect.

"Near the 'Grotto' is a large crater, elevated four feet above the surface of the hill, having a rough-shaped opening, measuring two by two and a half feet. Two hundred yards farther up are two very fine large geysers, between which and the Grotto are two boiling springs. Proceeding a hundred and fifty yards farther, and passing two hot springs, a remarkable group of geysers is discovered. One of these has a huge crater five feet in diameter, shaped something like the base of a horn—one side broken down—the highest point being fifteen feet above the mound on which it stands. This proved to be a tremendous geyser, and has been called the 'Giant.' It throws a column of water the size of the opening to the measured altitude of one hundred and thirty feet, and continues the display for an hour and a half. The amount of water discharged was immense, about equal in quantity to that in the river, the volume of which, during the eruption, was doubled. But one eruption of this geyser was observed. Its periodic turns were not, therefore, determined. Another large crater close by has several orifices, and, with

ten small jets surrounding it, formed, probably, one connected system. The hill built up by this group covers an acre of ground, and is thirty feet in height."

We are indebted to the Hon. Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior, for photographs of the scenes accompanying this sketch, which Mr. Fenn's skilful pencil transferred to the wood. Other views of this strange and interesting section will be given in forthcoming numbers of the JOURNAL.

ENGLISH HOMES.

FROM TAINIE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

LET us look at the outsidés; they are indexes. B—, my entertainer, who has been married a year, wished to have a cottage. This cottage is charming, even elegant, furnished with all the refinements of neatness, of comfort and luxury; it is of brown brick, with several turrets, slanting roof, being nearly altogether enveloped in ivy. Around is a little park, with the velvet lawn rolled daily, two or three superb clumps of flowering rhododendrons, ten feet high, thirty in length and breadth; on the grass are garlands of exotic flowers of vivid hues, groups of trees well arranged, a covered hedge-row forming a lovers' walk for a young, newly-married pair; then, beyond the hedges, a horizon of large trees and glimpses of views over the everlasting verdure. A real nest for a married couple; within, pink and white paper-hangings, light painting, in lilac or light yellow; delicate tiled floors and many lorgne-paned windows which recall the middle ages. In the drawing-room an excellent piano, and several fine books which are wedding-gifts, Tennyson, a prayer-book, and others bound in blue velvet, in wood with carving, in gilded morocco, illustrated with care, with the neatness of pencil which is peculiar to English artists, some ornamented on each page with paintings and colored arabesques. Not an object which does not denote an exquisite and even fastidious taste. Everywhere are flower-stands filled with rare flowers; without, within, flowers abound; this is the fullest detail of luxury, and they understand it as those who really delight in it.

This understanding and this care are manifested in every thing. There is not an object which fails to exhibit forethought and calculated comfort. There are carpets and long oil-cloths from top to bottom of the house; the carpet serves for warmth; the oil-cloth on which one treads may be washed and kept as clean as a carpet. In my bedroom is a table of rosewood; upon this table a slab of marble, on the marble a round straw mat—all this to bear an ornamented water-bottle covered with a tumbler. One does not simply place one's book upon the table; upon the table is a small stand for holding it. One does not have a plain candlestick, which one blows out before going to sleep; the candle is enclosed in a glass cylinder, and is furnished with a self-acting extinguisher. Other details are still more striking; a moment's reflection is required in order to comprehend their use. Sometimes all this apparatus hampers; it involves too much trouble for

the sake of comfort. In like manner, on a journey, I have seen Englishmen supplied with so many glasses, opera-glasses, and telescopes; with so many umbrellas, canes, and iron-tipped sticks; with so many overcoats, comforters, water-proofs, and wrappers; with so many dressing-cases, flasks, books, and newspapers—that, were I in their place, I should have stayed at home. From England to France, and from France to Italy, wants and preparations go on diminishing. Life is more simple, and, if I may say so, more naked, more given up to chance, less encumbered with incommodious commodities.

Fifteen hundred pounds of income, three to four horses, two carriages, six servants, a gardener. The same style of living would require nearly the same outlay in France.

We have visited five or six parks, large or of the average size; nearly all are beautiful, two or three being admirable. The intact and well-kept meadows sparkle in the sun, abounding with daisies and buttercups. The oaks are old, often enormous. At the bottom of the valleys, rivulets, properly disposed, form little lakes, in which swim foreign ducks; here and there, in a zone of glittering water, an islet covered with rhododendrons rears its pink tuft. Along the woods rabbits speed off beneath our feet, and at each winding of the road the undulating plain, strewn with clumps of trees, sets forth its verdure varied, mellowed, as far as the blue distances. What freshness and what silence! One feels in a state of repose; this Nature welcomes one with a tender, discreet, intimate caress; she is some one; she has her accent, the affectionate accent of domestic happiness, like a beautiful bride who has adorned herself for her husband, and advances in front of him with a soft smile. Every original work—a garden, like a book or a building—is a secret which unveils deep-seated sentiments. In my opinion this one, more than any other, shows the poetic dream of an English soul. It is not so with their dwellings—huge machines, partly Italian or partly Gothic, without distinctive character. One sees that they are spacious, comfortable, well kept—nothing more. These are the houses of the rich, who understand comforts, and who, sometimes rather unfortunately, have had architectural fancies; many elegant cottages, covered and encumbered with turrets, seem playthings in glazed pasteboard. All their imagination, all their national and personal invention, have been expended upon their parks.

This one, of seven hundred acres, contains trees which two or three men could not encircle with their outspread arms—oaks, limes, plane-trees, cypresses, beeches, which have freely developed the amplitude and fullness of their forms. Isolated or in groups upon the mellow and rich meadow, their rich pyramids, their vast domes expand at will, and descend to the grass with a largeness of expansion such as cannot be imagined. They have been tended like rich children; they have always enjoyed perfect liberty and perfect satisfaction; nothing has lessened their luxuriance or hampered their growth; they respire the air, and use the soil, like great lords to which the soil and the air belong by right. In the centre of so many living emeralds is a still

more precious jewel—the garden. Clumps of rhododendrons twenty feet high there display themselves, with all their flowers in bloom; their petals, which are red or of pale violet, shine softly in the sun beneath the humming hosts of bees. Bushes of azaleas, tufts of full-blown roses, beds of flowers with pearl, azure, velvet, or flesh tints, dainty and winding borders, form indistinguishable circles—one walks environed with perfumes and colors. Wise art has regulated the succession of the plants in such a way that those which bloom late replace those which bloom early, and that, from one end of the season to the other, the vast flower-bed is always blooming. At intervals a sycamore of noble port, a foreign beech of copper-colored foliage, sustain with their grave note or with their sudden resonance this too-long-drawn-out concert of delicious impressions. Verily this is a concert for the eye, and, like a magnificent and full-toned symphony, which the sun, that powerful leader of the orchestra, causes to swell in unison beneath the stroke of his bow. As far as the distant places of the park, farther off still, in the woods, on the common, one feels them near at hand. Beautiful plants have climbed over the walls, and suddenly, amid wild-firs, one meets with a pink and smiling rhododendron, like an Angelica of Ariosto in the midst of the forest of the Ardennes. All these distances are agreeable; the land rises and falls under a thick covering of brushwood; here and there ferns, with their vivid and charming green, relieve the uniformity of their tint; in several places ferns abound, and one sees them meandering, twisting about, marking rose-windows on the large russet carpet. At the extremity a line of pines bounds the horizon, and the undulations of the ground are developed by insensible stages in the pale, warmish mist, transpired with light.

The house is a large mansion, rather commonplace, solid in appearance, arranged in modern style; the furniture of the ground floor and of the first floor, recently renewed, cost four thousand pounds. Three rooms or drawing-rooms, sixty feet long, twenty high, are furnished with large mirrors, good pictures, excellent engravings, with book-cases. In front is a glazed conservatory, where one passes the afternoon when the weather is bad, and where, even in winter, one can fancy that it is spring. Bedrooms for the young ladies who come as visitors; fresh, clear, virginal, papered in blue and white, with an assortment of pretty feminine objects and fine engravings, they are well fitted for their amiable occupants. As for the rest, the picturesque sentiment of decoration and of the arrangement of the whole is less keen than among us; for example, the objects and the tones are rather placed in juxtaposition than in accord. But there is grandiosity and simplicity; no fondness for crowding and for old curiosities. They readily submit to large, bare, plane surfaces, empty spaces; the eye is at ease, one breathes freely, one can walk about, one has no fear of knocking against the furniture. Attention is given to comfort, notably to what relates to the details of sleeping and dressing. In my bedroom, the entire floor is carpeted, a strip of oil-cloth is in

front of the washing-stand, matting along the walls. There are two dressing-tables, each having two drawers; the first is provided with a swing looking-glass; the second is furnished with one large jug, one small one, a medium one for hot water, two porcelain basins, a dish for tooth-brushes, two soap-dishes, a water-bottle with its tumbler, a finger-glass with its glass. Underneath is a very low table, a sponge, another basin, a large, shallow zinc bath for morning bathing. In a cupboard is a towel-horse with four towels of different kinds, one of them thick and rough. Another indispensable cabinet in the room is a marvel. Napkins are under all the vessels and utensils; to provide for such a service, when the house is occupied, it is necessary that washing should be always going on. Three pairs of candles, one of them fixed in a small portable table. Wax-matches, paper-spills in pretty little holders, pin-cushions, porcelain extinguishers, metal extinguishers. Whiteness, perfection, softest tissues in every part of the bed. The servant comes four times a day into the room: in the morning, to draw the blinds and the curtains, open the inner blinds, carry off the boots and clothes, bring a large can of hot water with a fluffy towel on which to place the feet; at mid-day, and at seven in the evening, to bring water and the rest, in order that the visitor may wash before luncheon and dinner; at night, to shut the window, arrange the bed, get the bath ready, renew the linen; all this with silence, gravity, and respect. Pardon these trifling details; but they must be handled in order to figure to one's self the wants of an Englishman in the direction of his luxury; what he expends in being waited upon and comfort is enormous, and one may laughingly say that he spends the fifth of his life in his tub.

Several of these mansions are historical; they must be seen in order to understand what inheritance in a large family can bring together in the form of treasures. One was mentioned to me where, by a clause in the conditions, the possessor is bound to invest every year several thousand sterling in silver plate; after having crowded the sideboards, in the end a staircase was made of massive silver. We had the opportunity of seeing in the retrospective exhibition an entire collection of precious curiosities and works of art sent by Lord Hereford. In 1848, he said to one of his French friends, greatly disquieted and a little put out: "I have a mansion in Wales, which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day, dinner for twelve is served there, and the carriage drawn up at the door, in case I should arrive. The butler eats the dinner. Go thither, make yourself at home; you see that it will not cost you a farthing." Naturally, fine things accumulate in these wealthy hands. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Ellesmere, the Marquis of Westminster, possess picture-galleries which would do honor to a minor state. Lord Ellesmere has in three rooms, as lofty as the gallery of the Louvre, a number of Poussins, the best Flemish painters, above all, three Titians of medium size, "Diana and Acteon," "Diana and Calypso," "Venus leaving the Waters," of a warm amber color, of

the richest and most lively beauty. The Marquis of Westminster has, in two galleries and four enormous rooms, a hundred and eighty-three pictures, with an accompaniment of busts, statues, bronzes, enamels, malachite vases, six large Rubenses, three Titians, one Raffaele, two Rembrandts, a number of Claudes, chosen from among the finest. These palatial mansions are but samples, and it would require too much space to mention them all. In another tour, I saw Blenheim Palace, near Woodstock, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough. This is a sort of Louvre, formerly presented by the nation to the great captain, built in the style of the period, much ornamented. Several rooms are as lofty as the nave of a church; the library is a hundred feet long; an inner chapel contains the monument of the founder; one gallery displays the family portraits, another contains porcelain, several others paintings. The park is two miles in circumference—magnificent trees; a large stream of water, crossed by an ornamental bridge; a column bearing the statue of the first duke; a private cabinet containing, under Titian's name, twelve copies, being the Loves of the Gods, voluptuous figures of life-size, presented by the princes of Italy to the conqueror of Louis XIV. In the apartments are works by Reynolds, five or six large portraits by Vandyck, a Madonna by Raffaele, two Rubenses, where sensuality, passion, audacity, genius, overflow like a river in splendors and enormities. All that I wish to say, in conclusion, is, that these large hereditary fortunes are conservatories prepared to be stocked with all fine things. At the end of several generations, a mansion, a park, become a jewel-case.

A TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

SO many poets die ere they are known,
I pray you, hear me kindly for their sake.
Not of the harp, but of the soul alone,
Is the full music all true minstrels make:
Hear my soul's music, that I may beguile,
With string and song, your festival awhile.

The stranger, looking on a happy scene
Where unknown faces shine with love and joy,
Feels most he is a stranger. On this green
That fronts the castle, seeing your employ,
My heart sank, desolate; yet came I near,
For welcome should be found at all good cheer.

Of Provence I, and ask me not, I pray,
"If not in Provence, where may love abide?"
For there, Neglect, who, coming down the way,
Or priest, or Levite, takes the other side,
Neglect, false neighbor, passing, flung the scoff:
"Honor is cold, and worship's most far off!"

Love is the key-note of the universe,
The theme, the melody. Though poorly decked,
Masters, I ask but little of your purse,
For love, not gold, is best to heal neglect.
Love makes true fame if love is widely sown;
Bloom, flower of love! lest I, too, die unknown.

HENRY ARBET.

AN IDYL OF THE NIGHT.

TO the midnight toiler in Printing-House Square, who is of a contemplative turn, there is much of interest in the aspect of that part of the great city through which his homeward journey lies during the small hours. It happened, during last winter, that the writer lived about fifteen blocks below Central Park, at a point near Broadway; so that, when disposed to walk, "the old Bloomingdale Road" was his shortest route homeward. He became, in consequence, as familiar with the midnight and ultra-midnight phases of the street as its daytime loungers are with those of its daylight hours.

The great thoroughfare is very dull and dark at 2 A. M. below Spring Street. There are no lights upon it below that point, except those of the street-lamps and of the stores which keep their gas burning as a safeguard against burglars.

It is noticeable that the policemen, whose duties bring them near this father of streets, find it necessary and agreeable to spend the most of their time upon its corners. They wish to while away the drowsy hours by watching there for the stray sights and sounds that even Broadway below Canal affords at that hour, whereas the cross-streets are quiet as the grave.

Long since has the roar of omnibuses ceased, and no vehicles pass except occasional hacks. Very narrowly is the pedestrian watched by the guardians of the night, especially in that lower region of the street which is so barren of sensation, and its wayfarers must walk very circumspectly, or rather nonchalantly, and in a manner quite void of offence or suspicious aspect, or they will almost surely be stopped by the police, who are "spoliing" for an incident—something that will take them to the less lonely precinct of the station-house.

About the first show of life and business in the buildings that line the street is seen in an oyster-house near Spring Street, which displays an array of burnished table-furniture and glittering bar-fixtures and goblets, and is often thronged with hungry and thirsty customers at his latest passage-hour.

The St. Nicholas shows him no signs of life, and its great street-lamps are extinguished. Now he reaches the concert-saloons and "dives" in the cellars on the east side. The "Dew-drop Inn" first invites, with its many-globed gas-lights, and its sounds of mirth and revelry. Next above, near Prince Street, he finds "Eureka," with its similar attractions, and its gaudy pictures of women.

The centre of nocturnal activity is found between Houston and Bleecker. The whole east side of the street, at this point, is blazing with gas-light, and men and women are bustling about there as they do on the Bowery at seven in the evening, though not in so great numbers. The beginning of this special activity is found at a large eating-house just below Prince. This concern does a lively business in these extremely early morning hours, giving customers earlier breakfasts (called by them suppers) than the most diligent market-gardener ever gets. In this

block the keno-gamblers hold high carnival during these wintry days and nights—occupying large halls—for the great raid has not yet been made upon them. Almost every cellar in this block is in the concert-saloon business. One, the wide-mouthed "Prospect Hall," ostentatiously informs the public that twenty-five young ladies, wreathed in smiles, are continually on hand there to greet the wayworn traveller. Next appears the resplendent "Oriental Garden," with its highly-colored picture of one of its "beautiful Circassian girls;" though why a Circassian girl must have her hair frizzed out so that a bushel-basket would scarcely cover it, Barnum only knows.

And now the "Louvre" introduces us to the long array of "sample-rooms," with their innocent front offices fitted up in the rough with barrels, straw-covered bottles, and baskets of champagne, "to give them a whole-sale look," and verify the statement, made by implication on the sign, that gentlemen who resort thither are only intent on tasting and testing the beverages offered for sale, "with an eye to stocking their wine-cellar." The trouble appears to be that the test obtained in the open front saloon is usually so satisfactory, that it is followed up by an indefinite series of tastes in the secluded rear "office," until the investigator's ideas upon the subject in hand become so mixed that he concludes that he must return the next night to begin his experiments over again.

Commencing, now, over the Louvre, there are four second-story fronts brilliantly lighted inside, and drawing the eyes of all passers-by because of the row of globed gas-lights beneath their windows outside. A question to a policeman, or to any one familiar with such resorts, would have speedily brought information to the night wanderer as to what special public use was subserved by this "Boulevard Hall," as it is called. Yet it is his whim not to inquire, and not to know; but, as he walks past on the other side of the way, each night, to ponder upon the various wickednesses that may be in course of development there, one thing he especially notices, viz., that no one ever appears at those windows, except an occasional stray attendant, and yet they are quite uncurtained. He is, therefore, prone to imagine that the open-fronted, well-lighted aspect presented to the public is a mere blind. The opposite side of the way is occupied by darkened stores, devoid of observers at night; so that any iniquity might be perpetrated a little way back from these windows without being seen by any one outside. His favorite theory was that Faro and his hosts had headquarters there; and he was continually reminded of that remarkable picture of the deck of a pirate vessel, upon which villainous-looking, dagger-clutching men were sprawling; while to the watchers on the deck of the approaching merchantman nothing appeared there but one man standing upon a barrel fiddling, while a loving couple—one of whom wore a woman's bonnet—leaned upon the high bulwarks. We may take it for granted, at all events, that no good comes to the community from any of the institutions on that block which keep open after two o'clock in the morning.

Very curious, among the scenes of the small hours of the night, are the doings of the street-sweepers. But a small corps being used to clean the great thoroughfare, relays of them may be seen, at all times after business hours, in various parts of the route. You may meet a squad following a sweeping-wagon at the St. Nicholas, or Grace Church, or the Gilsey House. Some go in advance of the wagon to lay the dust. They walk with a peculiar stride—keeping time with the wide swinging of their watering-pots. Others rapidly sweep up the dirt that has been thrown into the gutters by the machine. But most interesting are the groups of laborers seen lying in heaps, on mild nights, upon the door-steps and gratings, waiting for the moving of the machine in their direction. Their bivouac is like that shown in foreign pictorials of the soldiers of the Commune in Paris.

Up about Eighth Street the watchful wayfarer sees oyster-cellars, which remind him of those which used to be found, when he was a boy, in full blast in the small hours of the morning on Broadway, near the City Hall. Peering down, he sees the same worn oil-cloth, the same general arrangement, and the same tempting, or supposed to be tempting, viands.

There is not much show of life between Eighth and Fourteenth Streets, except in a couple of "ale-vaults" near the latter. The hackmen at Union Square are as lively, numerous, and importunate, at 2 A. M., as they are at 2 P. M. They chat together leisurely and unconcernedly. The "Sans-Souci," above Twenty-fifth Street, is especially well patronized at this ante-breakfast hour. Elegant-looking "samplers" are continually passing in and out, between its extremely wholesale and samplish-looking casks and champagne-baskets. At "Oyster Bay," above Twenty-sixth Street, there are evidently more valves than bivalves in use. On the west side, again, a transparency looms up from afar, inviting to "steamed oysters," not to mention trimmings.

Above Thirty-first Street is seen one of the handsomest saloons on Broadway. The window-frames, with their large plate-glass panes, are plated with silver. The black-walnut blinds are carefully closed, and entrance is gained at the side-door. This is the farthest north of these ornate nocturnal resorts.

Above Thirty-fourth Street, a region of small shops, small factories, marble-yards, and broken pavements, is reached. No life is met here, saving only when the pedestrian happens to go past a certain block at precisely two o'clock. At such times he sees a policeman approach a small house, knock at the door and call out, "Up! up! two o'clock!" Here there is some milkman, or other early riser, beginning his day's work as the denizen of Printing-House Square is finishing his.

From this point on there is nothing of human movement, and he turns his attention to the wide spaces of starry heavens above him. Sometimes there is a rosy aurora softly illumining the sky. But he cannot help noticing that the groups and galaxies and nebulous masses overhead are not old ac-

quaintances. These are strangers which "look and stare upon him" in frigid disdain. Not at all are these the bright, fraternal eyes which shone benignly upon him in the nightly walks of boyhood; but new kings of the zenith which "know not Joseph."

There, to be sure, is the pole-star; but the Great Bear is turning a back somerset over it, and behaving most disorderly. Walking zest begins to flag, and the way seems very lonely by the time Forty-second Street is reached; and, as he passes his last policeman, he sometimes feels very fraternally toward him, and catches himself saying, with Jean Paul, "The heart of a brother, everlasting man, is beating under the moon and under the stars."

S. LEAVITT.

THE FAT MAN'S STORY.

THE old fellow had a glazed carpet-bag. He seized by the button-hole a man whom he called George, and anchored him only a length or two to the windward of me, so I couldn't help but hear. There they pulled and tugged and bobbed about the lamp-post, until the gentleman with the glazed carpet-bag, puffing and wheezing in an indescribable manner, had spoken, as nearly as I can recollect, to the following effect:

"Yes, George, I just got home from New York; came by Sound steamer, and I haven't slept much, I can tell you. What's the matter? Well, I'll tell you. In the first place, George, do I look like a man that would take advantage of a fellow with one leg? Don't I have trouble enough getting my two hundred and seventy pounds along on two legs? Of course I do. Well, now, George, I am just the same toward married people, or people going to be married, as I would be to that one-legged soldier over there on the other side of the street grinding 'The Battle-cry of Freedom,' and I wish he would move the war into the next street. No, sir, I might have been a married man myself once, but I am not, for reasons best known to a lady who—but pshaw! that was all thirty years ago, and I was going to tell you about last night. I've noticed, by-the-way, George, that young people *will* get married on any provocation whatever, and I don't object to it, mind, unless they sit up all night and court afterward, and rob me of my sleep. But what shall I say about that couple last night on the Sound? I turned in about ten o'clock. They hadn't even the excuse of being married. They were just courting, and it was the most tiresome piece of business you ever heard of—that fellow, that idiot, saying the same thing over and over. They were seated on the guard, plump against my state-room door. Well, George, it was awful. I came near getting asleep about eleven o'clock, and I really believe if he had only changed the paces of his story, if he had only trotted in a few lies, just for variety, I might have slept through them. Now, imagine, if you can, George, the sort of talk I'm going to rehearse to you striking in endless repetition against

the thin wall of your state-room, just where your bare feet necessarily touch it, for your berth is always too short. The pine board tingles with the sound, and—and the sentiment, George, and that tingles your feet, and so it tingles all the way up to your ears. Now, you know yourself, George, that's no way to take your courting. 'Oh, how I did love Caroline!' said, for the twentieth time that wretch of a fellow just outside my state-room. 'Oh, how I did love Caroline!'—it was his deep chest-tones that were so aggravating to my toe-nails—and how Caroline said she loved me! Then to think of her perfidy! I never knew any thing so—so perfidious as her perfidy!—What an ass he was, George, to be sure!—'She was very beautiful, Mary,' he went on, Mary being, I hope, the only other person who shared with me the wretchedness of listening to these things—'Caroline was very beautiful, Mary. She looked just like you. She was a good girl, but so perfidious. I want you to be all she was to me. I want you to take her place in my heart. I want you to be just like her. We were engaged for a year,' said he, in one of his idiotic rounds, 'and then I insisted,' says he, still aggravating my feet through the thin panelling, 'and then I insisted that Caroline should not only cut the acquaintance of that spruce young Ransom, the leather-dealer, but also write him a letter and tell him she believed him to be a villain, and wanted nothing more to do with him. She asked me why I didn't write the letter to Mr. Ransom myself if I wanted it written. I told her, of course, that Mr. Ransom was no friend of mine, as he was of hers, and I thought it was her duty to write the letter, and, just because I insisted, she went off and married that fool of a young Ransom himself. Oh, she was so perfidious!'

"Well, George, I coughed, but the story went on. I upset a chair, but still the story of Caroline's perfidy never stopped, except to repeat, 'She was so beautiful—just like you, Mary, and I want you to be just like her to me, Mary.' Well, I upset the other chair, and blistered one of my toes kicking against the partition—all for no use. Finally, about midnight, I could stand it no longer. I arose and jammed down my lattice window. The words, 'Caroline's perfidy' came in with a breath of salt air through the opening as I stuck out my head and saw two shadowy forms seated on the guard right against my state-room door. 'Look here,' I said, frowning upon them, but I don't suppose they saw that, 'just look here! I've heard this here story of Caroline's perfidy about forty times already. I couldn't help hearing it, but I didn't want to hear it, and I don't want to hear it. I want to sleep. That's hard enough work for a man of my weight on board a steamboat in a berth at least five sizes too small, but Caroline's perfidy is too much, too much. I've turned over and over in bed, and came near falling out more than once. I've kicked over two chairs, and blistered one—I don't know but two—of my toes, to give you warning. Now I wish you would move away from here, and take your perfidy with you, and let me sleep!' They

were thunderstruck. Just as they were rising to go, I couldn't help saying, 'And I should just like to add '—this was in my politest tone—'and I should just like to add that, in the infernal story you have forced upon me, my sympathies are heartily and wholly with Caroline. There, good-night!'

"George, they—they went."

RALPH KEELER.

A RHYME OF THE RAIN.

I.

ONCE I sang in April weather
(Oh, I sang it all in vain!):
"Come and welcome, April shower!
Tap your message on the pane.
April rain!
I can guess the merry meaning
Of your musical refrain."

II.

"For he loves me, loves me truly!
Summer shower and winter snow
Bring the happy message to me,
And the wildest winds that blow.
Oh, I know
What the birds mean by their singing,
What the brook says, laughing low!"

III.

"He is coming! April shower,
With the bonny buds of May,
Bid the lilacs and the lilies
Don their loveliest array.
Dance away!
Let your kisses speed their blooming
For my merry marriage-day!"

IV.

So I sang in April weather,
And my voice was wild with glee
As the streamlet's, rippling downward
To its marriage with the sea.
But, ah me!
Never while the tides flow onward
Shall my merry marriage be.

V.

For he did not love me truly:
'Tis the way of honey-bees,
Having sucked the flower's sweetness
Just to wander as they please:
Will the breeze
Hold the flower's incompleteness
Limitation unto these?

VI.

Comes again the April weather,
And the sudden cloud hangs low,
And the rain-drops dance together
With a measured fall and flow.
But, I know,
They will bring the message never
That they brought me long ago.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

TABLE-TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New-York Times*, who uses the signature of "Justice," opposes an international copyright on the ground that it would greatly enhance the price of books. It is not easy to see how "Justice" can, with any regard for the principle the term of which he assumes, argue that people should not be paid for their labor because thereby the price of goods would be increased. But, without discussing this feature of the argument, which is too self-evident to need enforcement, an examination of the writer's facts shows that he can be as conspicuously inexact as he is transparently unjust. In order to maintain his ground that international copyright would seriously increase the price of books, he makes the following statement: "The latest lists of the London publishing-trade contain reprints of thirty-six works of American authors, copyrighted in this country and free in England, and including works, old and new, of Motley, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Phelps, Bayard Taylor, Holmes, Whittier, Beecher, Cooper, Hawthorne, Prescott, Mrs. Howe, Grace Greenwood, and John Hay. The aggregate retail-price of the whole collection in London is \$23.08 in gold; in New York, \$54.25 in currency. On the other hand, of eighteen English works just published or announced by New-York publishers, the aggregate retail-price in New York of the American reprint is \$68.25, and of the original edition it is \$276.50. It thus appears that, whatever the difference in the expense of manufacturing may be between London and New York, and whatever the difference in trade-customs as to fixing prices, all such considerations are swallowed up in the one controlling and universal rule that a copyright monopoly multiplies the price of books by from two to four." No doubt, to many readers, these figures appear conclusive, but nothing is more tractable for the purpose of argument than figures. They can be made to prove almost any thing. The difference of prices between the copyright books and reprints, which "Justice" so industriously parades, arises almost wholly from the differences of style. The copyright books that he selects for comparison are luxurious volumes designed for the library, and the reprints that he compares with them are cheap issues intended for large popular circulation. We assert emphatically that, when all the conditions of issue are equal, copyright books and reprints show but a small difference in price. In an article on this question, in a recent number of the *JOURNAL*, we pointed out that Cooper's copyright novels are now published at a lower price than many reprints printed in a corresponding style; and a further examination of this matter discloses that cheap but copyright editions of the novels of Bulwer, Lever, James, and other English authors, are published in London at prices as

low as they are in New York. English novels are commonly published in three volumes, at twenty-one shillings sterling, and the same books are reprinted here at from fifty cents to one dollar each. But the English editions are sold almost exclusively to circulating libraries, and hence price is mainly determined by difference of distribution. In England, large type, wide margins, and luxurious paper, are better appreciated than here; in America we are eager for books at a price accessible to the multitude, but in England the taste for elegant volumes for the library induces a more costly style of get-up than is usual with us. Whenever the English copyright edition is equally as cheap in style as the reprint, the price will nearly correspond. Hence to attribute differences of price between fine London editions and cheap American reprints solely to copyright is to eliminate from the problem all the controlling facts. As copyright in this country rarely exceeds ten per cent. on the price, it is certainly very wild talk to assert that "a copyright monopoly multiplies the price of books by from two to four."

— It is an interesting question whether a novelist is justified in introducing real characters, under the disguise of a fanciful name, into his works of fiction; whether he may properly use his art to depict either his personal friends or enemies, or public personages; in other words, whether he may copy Nature as he finds it in actual experience, or whether he must rely upon his "inner consciousness" and imagination to create his heroes, heroines, and "utility" people. On the one hand, it may be argued that an author has clearly no right to so palpably describe a living person, whether public or private, as to enable him to be recognized, unless it is done with great delicacy, and the description is a favorable one. Dickens's picture of Walter Savage Landor, many of whose peculiarities he very thinly veiled under the character of Lawrence Boythorne, might be regarded as one of the least harmful presentations of real persons; yet it was an error, and the venerable poet is said to have been at the time much offended at the caricature. On the other hand, it is clear that very few novelists have the imaginative power to dispense with a judicious use of the realities of life; and that, next to idealizing Nature, should be ranked the art of reproducing it. Real life may be chosen as the basis of fiction, and the imagination may build upon this foundation. In these days of popular personality in literary forms, of interviewing, and graphic personal portraiture, there is danger that the tendency of the novelist to make havoc among his friends or public men in seeking materials for new sensation, may grow to serious proportions—serious both to the rights of privacy and to the dignity of the art itself. A distinguished French novelist has just been sued for libel under extraordinary circumstances. In his latest story he portrayed the character

of a very cruel and miserly but wealthy old woman, describing her as living in a certain village not far from Paris. It happened that in this very village there lived an old woman who was so impressed with the likeness which the novelist had drawn of herself that she charged him with having taken her as his subject. M. Féval swore on the stand that he had never seen or heard of her in his life, and the case was, of course, dismissed. There seems to be a proper medium possible between the extreme of shutting the eyes to the life existing all about the novelist and that of the introduction of real people for purposes of caricature, malice, or even affection. Qualities may be freely described and embodied; even personal peculiarities may be borrowed; and it is—or should be—one of the triumphs of the novelist's art to do these vividly and strikingly, without offence to or exposure of those to whom privacy is sacred, and "a chiel takin' notes" is abhorrent. Certain classes of novelists, it is true, use this literary medium for a political or didactical purpose, and point their moral by the description of prominent statesmen, or ecclesiastics, or men of letters; but the fictions of these are rather argumentative or polemical than fanciful, and this mode of entering the arena of public life is recognized as a fair and legitimate one so long as the writer refrains from attacking private character and from invading the homes or families of the persons described; that is, so long as he is content with depicting the public side of their career.

— The times are greatly changed in the American literary world since the *Edinburgh Review* asked, "Who reads an American book?" Not only are the proofs ample that American books compete with English at the English fireside, Longfellow being found side by side with Tennyson on nearly every drawing-room table; certain American law authorities being quoted in the Lords' Court of Appeals, as a late Lord-Chancellor wrote, "more frequently than any English jurists;" and the more popular American books being "pirated"—a word invented by the English for this delinquency—and sold by thousands in the form of cheap London reprints; but in periodical literature America has made a progress within the last twenty years, outstripping the English productions of the same nature. Although it is generally conceded that the English are the superior artists and engravers, no English monthly presents illustrations better than those of our leading pictorial magazines. If we except the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, the specimens of art produced here for the periodical press keep well space with those produced in England. Our great want is for illustrators of works of fiction. We have not as yet been endowed with a Cruikshank, a John Leech, or a Hablot Browne. Perhaps when the long-expected "American

novel" appears, an artist will also appear to add to it the supplementary recreations of its characters and scenes; for it must be acknowledged that we have been as much assisted in making the acquaintance of Pickwick, Fagin, and Newman Noggs, by the genius of the artist as by that of the novelist. Thackeray illustrated his own works, and did them finely and characteristically; and this union of the artistic with pencil and pen is as rare as it is delightful. No great artist can well illustrate a book of mediocre merit; he must be inspired by the story, and enter, as Carlyle did into the spirits of Cromwell and Frederick, into the emotions and peculiarities of the characters to be portrayed. He must, in short, be in a degree, equally with the author, subjective in his work, evolving his people and scenes from an inner consciousness, stimulated and aided by the proof-sheets which the author has laid upon his table. This inspiration, too, as it appears, must first come before the great illustrator is developed; and, in order to produce prominent works of art in this direction, the inspiration must be *native*, and the bent of the artist's genius American. In reviews Great Britain excels us; perhaps it is a discouragement to the production of native reviews that we are able to get the reprints of the *Edinburgh Quarterly* and *Westminster* so much cheaper than new reviews could be sold at; but in the letter-press of our leading magazines there are quite as much talent, enterprise, variety, and interest, as in any English periodical of the same kind. Our magazines feel more keenly the influences of popular taste, and the changes in its current; are more in sensitive harmony with the times; and have a more "newsy" as well as rather more sensational flavor, corresponding in this respect to our newspapers, which are much more spicily and full of practical information than even the best English journals.

— Our American Olympiad, the presidential year, has brought forth its usual crop of political meetings and conventions, of which there will be three that aspire to the designation of national—the Republican, the Democratic, and the Liberal Republican, the last being composed of Republicans opposed to the renomination of President Grant. It is not our business nor our purpose to discuss these great gatherings of the politicians from any partisan stand-point, for APPLETON'S JOURNAL has from the start held itself independent of all parties and all sects. But we may note the singular fact that these national conventions, though not recognized in any way in either the laws or the Constitution of the country, are yet, in reality, the most powerful of our political bodies, and have, in fact, an influence upon public affairs which controls that of Congress itself. They determine who shall be President and Vice-President; for the electoral colleges, to whom the Constitution gives the nominal right to

select those high functionaries, merely ratify the decrees of one convention or the other. And, in determining who shall be President, the convention of the successful party decides who shall be cabinet officers, and who shall fill the other great offices of state. The convention also decides, by its "platform," as the resolutions are commonly called, the principles of the party and the policy on which its administration is to be conducted. The importance of these conventions, therefore, is very great—greater, in some respects, than that of Congress itself, though they are wholly without legal authority. And it is no wonder that they attract such multitudes of the leading men of the country to witness or to influence their proceedings. Their members generally, it may be remarked, are of a very superior class, for each party usually aims to send its best and ablest men to represent it; and the supreme interest of the proceedings, and the promptness with which they are transacted, attract to the convention many men who could not afford to take the position of member of Congress, or who would not care to waste their time in the details of legislation at Washington. Finally, we may remark, as a fact singularly illustrative of the ignorant way in which the English regard American affairs, that no English writer on America has taken any notice of these great conventions; nor has any English traveller, at least any book-making traveller, thought it worth his while to attend and describe one of them. And yet they are, beyond question, the most important, the most significant, and the most characteristic public demonstrations that occur in the republic.

Literary Notes.

"CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE," by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, biographer of the lamented Robertson, and in eloquence his worthy successor, is a collection of sermons exhibiting great breadth and genial sympathy with intellectual and social progress. The main thought which underlies the volume is, that "the ideas which Christ made manifest on earth are capable of endless expansion, developing into new forms of larger import and wider application in a direct proportion to that progress of mankind of which they are both root and sap." As an example of Mr. Brooke's style, we quote the following eloquent passage: "The practical results of the conception of an equal and universal brotherhood of the race are as important as they are many. It is the foundation of all efforts to civilize barbarian peoples; it is the root and end of all noble legislation, of all just government. It is the inspiring impulse of the theory and practice of national education; it is the main-spring of all charity; it is the fountain from which flow all redemptive measures for the outcast and the criminal; it is the principal on which all the relations of capital and labor should be based; it is the idea which overthrows all tyrannies, all oppression, all slavery, all exclusive castes, all class domination, all attempts to concentrate all the land and all the money of a country in

the hands of a few. It has been the war-cry and the watchword of all noble revolution. It is leading the peoples of the world, slowly but surely, to a political future of equality, for religious conceptions are naturally and necessarily transferred to political; it is leading the various nations of the world to a far-off international union, on a higher ground than that of commercial interest. It will finally end in the destruction of all international and individual envying, strife, vainglory, and trickery, to get the upper hand; and in the establishment of a unity of mankind in which all shall be equal, free, and fraternal, and yet all diverse and individual, so that the unity of the human race in some sort, like the unity of God, will exist in the midst, and because of an infinite manifoldness." "Christ in Modern Life" is reprinted here by D. Appleton & Co.

Henri Taine's "Notes on England" will be reprinted here by Holt & Williams. The London *Examiner* describes the Notes "as written in a sprightly, laconic, hurried, off-hand style, which carries the reader along from point to point at an exhilarating pace, and never permits him to halt or grow weary. The book makes no pretension to polish or finish. It is even occasionally alipshod and abrupt, and retains much of the appearance of a first draft. The collection of facts has evidently been the primary purpose of the author, but here and there the process of classification has been commenced, and the volume abounds with theories and generalizations. An effort to define or verify a distinctive trait of the English character, and to trace it to its cause, is everywhere apparent. The impressions are struggling after harmony and unity as soon as they arise, but no deliberate attempt is made to combine them. In order to get at any thing like a complete view of M. Taine's conception of the Englishman—what he would call 'the ideal and general Englishman, around whom are grouped all the inventions and all the peculiarities of the epoch'—it would be necessary to piece together for ourselves the features that lie scattered through his sketch-book. This portrait is not flattering, but neither is it by any means particularly repulsive. There is, assuredly, no lack of appreciation on the part of the painter for the better lineaments of the English countenance, but, on the contrary, a most sincere and hearty admiration."

Lord Ormawhite, in his essay on "Darwin and Buckle," accuses the latter of ignoring the existence of a first great cause. A correspondent of the London *Examiner* points out the injustice of this charge. He says: "As a most unfounded prejudice has been created against the writings of the lamented author of 'The History of Civilization,' owing to the statements of persons who have either deliberately misrepresented his opinions, or never read a line of his works, I trust you will allow me to tell your readers that there is not only no disbelief expressed by him as to the existence of a first great cause, but that numerous instances can be quoted which show an active belief in the Creator of all existing things. Of this there are numerous evidences in the last six pages of 'The History of Civilization,' where, though the reader will find a strong opposition expressed as to certain theological views, he will also find a strong desire to improve the religious ideas of men, and to induce them to form what, rightly or wrongly, the author conceived to be more lofty ideas of the omniscience and omnipotence of God than are at present generally entertained. In these pages Mr. Buckle speaks of the first great cause as an 'all-wise and all-merciful Being,' as 'the

great architect of the universe, the creator and designer of all existing things," while he speaks of the world and all things human as being "planned by infinite wisdom." In Mr. Buckle's miscellaneous papers, now in press, there occur numerous passages similar to the above.

Mr. Ralston has followed his work on Russian folk-lore by a collection of "The Songs of the Russian People, as illustrative of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life." These songs give evidence of the hold the superstitions of Slavonic heathendom still have upon the Russian peasants, and of their sad, unhopeful life. Songs about wife-selling and wife-beating have a large place in Russian poetry; even a young girl's expectation of married life is an unhappy one; and, where the songs are not bacchanalian, they are pervaded with the profoundest melancholy.

Lord Ormathwaite, a veteran English statesman, now in his seventy-fifth year, has published a small volume, which Messrs. Appleton & Co. reprint under the general title of "Astronomy and Geology compared," but which contains, in addition, an essay on "Darwin and Buckle," and one on "Progress and Civilization." While Lord Ormathwaite questions the theories of Mr. Darwin and many of those of Mr. Buckle, he still takes a liberal view of science and progress, and accepts nearly all the later conclusions of the scientists. His papers are interesting, and deserve a measure of weight from the great years and eminent position of their author.

The German critics are at present engaged in a controversy about the literary value of the novels of Gustav Freytag and Carl Gutzkow. Several journalists having harshly criticised Freytag's "Lost Manuscript," Rudolf Gottschall pronounces it "one of the best and most fascinating novels ever written in the German language." And as proof of its value he refers to the fact that "within one year after its appearance in Germany it was translated into the language of every civilized country."

Mr. Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" is very favorably reviewed by some of the London papers. It is pronounced an "artistic work of fiction," and that the incidents are described with great power and skill.

Louis Ratisbonne and Alfred Yung, two Parisian *littérateurs*, are at work upon a biography of Prevost-Paradol.

Edmond About has in press two new novels, entitled "The Merchant of Nantes," and "The Prisoner of the War."

Miscellany.

A Revelation in regard to Turner's Paintings.

MR. CONWAY, London correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, gives the following statement of a singular discovery purported to have been made by a German scientist in regard to a defect in the eyesight of Turner the painter: "It is curious to observe the effects of Turner's reputation on foreigners of artistic taste visiting this country for the first time. From their hotel-rooms they rush to the Turner Room of the Kensington Museum or the National Gallery. The first they are ushered into are those containing the pictures by that artist painted before the year 1830. Those who are acquainted with the life and career of Turner need not be told about that time the crisis occurred in his

style, and that the pictures before and after that period seem to have been painted by different hands. The pictures painted before 1830 always excite immediate delight. They correspond with the impressions received by cultivated minds from the objects of Nature, and it is impossible to repress astonishment at the matchless colors, the glorious atmosphere, the boldness of design. That expansiveness for which our best American landscape-painters demand canvas as large as a blanket to make, Turner secured on a few feet of surface, and one seems to be looking through a window on an immeasurable landscape. But now see our foreigner pass to the rooms of the Turners painted after 1830-32. Here are masses of color even more wonderful if any thing than the others. But the pictures look as if, after they had been painted, some infantile Turner had secretly entered the paternal studio and blurred all the lines. The houses and rocks have sometimes a tipsy look, and the ships especially to be more than half-seas over. The gazer is dumfounded. Was Turner sane when he painted these? Many theories have been started as to why Turner drew in this manner in the latter part of his life. Some say he did so out of defiance to his critics when they complained of some of his lines. But there is no doubt that he painted things as he saw them.

"But now an event has occurred which may turn out to be a crisis in English Turnerism. One of these foreigners to whom I have alluded came to England about eighteen months ago for the first time, and hastened to see the works of the greatest of English artists. He was much impressed by the difference between the two styles of Turner, and it lay in the direction of his professional life to make a study of the phenomenon. He was no ordinary traveller. He is a German named Liebfrieh, who has already gained the reputation of being the most eminent oculist living. Having become associated with the men of science in this country, he remained longer than he anticipated, and finally he became such an important person to Professor Tyndall in his researches into light and color that he was induced to remain in London permanently. So he has now become an English resident, and no man is more profoundly appreciated by the savants of this country. M. Liebfrieh has gained the reputation of being able to make the blindest eye see, and the setting of new eyes in people's heads is with him the merest pastime. He is evidently in league with some optical demon, to whom he has sold himself. Such are the dark rumors. However that may be, it is probable that he has given cultivated English society new eyes so far as Turner is concerned. For, after a year and a half of careful study of the two styles, he has with calm heroism announced that Turner's latest style was the result of a certain curious eye-disease, with which the artist was afflicted without knowing it. Of course, when it was rumored about that a German scientific man had made this discovery, there was incredulity.

"Fortunately, London has an institution which is the finest centre of intellectual hospitality in Europe. If any man of real ability has a new idea or discovery, the Englishmen of science will have him at the Royal Institution, will there gather around him as cultivated an audience as Europe can furnish, and will listen to what he has to say. And, when it was announced by the Royal Institution that M. Liebfrieh would lecture there 'on certain faults of vision, with especial reference to the works of Turner and Mulready,' the amphitheatre in Albemarle Street was crowded by as fine an audience as I have ever seen in that place.

"Liebfrieh was greeted with a welcoming applause when he entered at nine o'clock precisely. He is a man under forty, with jet-black hair and eyes, and dark complexion; has a very intellectual face, and a good voice and manner. His German accent, though strong, did not interfere with his clear articulation. He proceeded in a calm, deliberate way to give an account of his studies of Turner's pictures. He acknowledged the splendor of the latest pictures, despite their faults, and then proceeded to show the reasons which had led him to the conclusion that the later style of Turner was attributable to a disease of vision, which took the form of what is called 'astigmatization.' I will not go into the physiological account he gave of the changes which were sometimes brought about in the lenses of the eye. It is enough to say that the effect of a stigmatization is to elongate all perpendicular lines, almost to obliterate horizontal ones. A person whose eyes are so affected sees objects, as he believes, correctly, but really sees them elongated and without accurate relations to horizontal lines. Where people are not artists, such an alteration would not be observed, of course. It will readily be imagined that M. Liebfrieh had not ventured before his audience with mere opinions. He had striking illustrations to show. He had a picture on glass of Turner's painting of the 'Grand Canal at Venice,' now in the Kensington Museum. This picture was the last painted before the remarkable change in Turner's style, and is of wonderful beauty. Having thrown this picture on canvas by means of an electric light, he said he would now make it pass through an astigmatic glass. He did so, and lo! the picture presented the exact appearance of Turner's late pictures. The lines were blurred and elongated, and the transformation so exactly represented the difference between the two styles that the audience broke forth with repeated rounds of applause. He then took a tree which Turner had painted, a tree whose class botanists have been thus far unable to determine. It looked more like a cloud of smoke than a tree. Subjected to a reverse or astigmatizing glass, the tree turned out before our eyes to be an ordinary birch-tree. The experiments were very striking, and undoubtedly the majority of the audience were convinced that the theory of Dr. Liebfrieh was true.

"Hardly less interesting was another fact which the lecturer discussed. In passing through our galleries M. Liebfrieh has amazed his friends by naming with singular accuracy the ages of the artists at which they painted certain pictures. He stated in his lecture that his key to this was, that as a man approached sixty the yellow color of light impinges with disproportionate strength upon the retina. With increasing years he sees a great deal of yellow where younger eyes do not. He sees more yellow in his colors than really exists; consequently, in painting, he leaves out yellow, seeing it as already there, though it is not. A very remarkable illustration of this was presented in the case of Mulready. Mulready painted the same subject twice, the main figures being some children. Both pictures are in the Kensington Gallery, and there has been much marvel that, though the subject is exactly the same, the colors are widely different. The first picture was painted when the artist was about fifty, the second when he was about sixty. Between those years the change had taken place. But M. Liebfrieh has solved the long-standing puzzle about the difference of color between these pictures, by showing that, if the later picture be looked at through a yellow glass, it becomes in every respect an exact duplicate of the first. The yellow comes in, it

blends with the other colors and modifies them, and it plainly appears that the second picture was to Mulready's eye, when he painted it, an exact duplicate of the other, though to ordinary eyes the colors are quite different. In this experiment, as well as in those referring to Turner, the result is certainly astonishing, and the German oculist has caused a sensation in artistic circles such as has not been known for many a day."

The Swedes in Maine.

Less than one year from the settlement of the first colony in the State, in July, 1870, it doubled in population, numbering at the close of the year more than fifty. At the commencement of the year 1871 the "promised land," now inherited, contained one hundred and fourteen persons, having two hundred acres of land under cultivation, and twenty-six timber houses erected, besides a public building called the capitol. Continuing the encouragement of this class of immigration by the State, we see that nearly *one thousand* souls have come over the past year, giving a total addition to our population from this source of over one thousand inhabitants. Not only paying the expenses of their voyage, these immigrants have brought clothing, tents, household goods, and at least forty thousand dollars in money. As more than fifty per cent. of the Swedes are working-men, and, as the average value of a working-man to the State is one thousand dollars, it will be seen that Maine has gained from this enterprise over five hundred thousand dollars. The money generously provided by the State assists the newly-arrived immigrant in his preliminary efforts to found a home, seed the ground, and gather in his first crop. After that, as it has been shown the past season, he can take care of himself, and reimburse the State for all its outlays in his behalf. In fact, up to December 1st, the Swedes had reimbursed to the State twenty-two hundred and thirty-eight dollars in labor and crops for the supplies advanced, and were indebted to the State seven thousand six hundred and eighty-seven dollars and thirteen cents, which is to be paid in money, crops, or labor.

The crops of the past season have more than realized the expectations of the farmers in the wilderness of their adopted home. Three thousand bushels of grain were threshed out, of which twelve hundred bushels were wheat, and five hundred bushels of potatoes harvested. Two hundred lots of one hundred acres each, or twenty thousand acres in all, are now covered and owned by the Swedes. On this large territory, partially redeemed from its primeval condition, two thousand acres of trees are felled, five hundred acres cleared, and eighty houses and seventeen barns built. The colony numbers two hundred and four men, one hundred and twelve women, and two hundred and thirty-seven children under twenty-one years of age; total, five hundred and fifty-three. This population does not include all the Swedes that have come to the State, but represents rather the headquarters of an agricultural community that will diffuse itself all over the State. About five hundred of these hardy workmen, mechanics and farmers, are employed in the State outside of New Sweden. Nearly all are contented and happy. Those who were not so have already left. Immigration from all directions has been stimulated by this enterprise inaugurated by Maine. The commissioner is confident that it has been the wisest measure ever inaugurated for peopling our unoccupied lands and creating a domain of tax-paying, producing citizens. The Swedes are proverbially honest, industrious, moral, religious,

intelligent, and law-abiding. The success of the enterprise, so far, seems to be most encouraging, and bids us look forward to the near future, when it will be self-sustaining and not dependent upon the fostering care of the State. At the present, the State must expect to extend further aid and assistance in granting lands.

Pekin.

How human beings live by the hundred thousands in such a city as Pekin, is only to be accounted for by their insensibility to sights and smells; but they don't see and they don't smell. Eyes and noses in China are, indeed, often as great curses as they are generally big blessings. I should like to dispense with a nose till I get back to America, or into Europe, if I could then buy it back again. No sewers, no closets, no drains! No way of letting out of a big city the filth in it! Streets uncleaned for centuries, save by the hogs and vultures! The poor are unclad and unwashed, with skins the water seems never to have penetrated, and eyes that are sore—but why pain you to describe? Imagine the worst of every thing in that way, and that worst is all here. Nevertheless people do live here, and some few magnificently. There are some wealthy Chinese. There are many wealthy mandarins. The interiors of some of their hopeless, inferior-looking dwellings abound in a certain species of luxuries, and in a very few comforts. What Pekin is, therefore, one cannot see in the streets; and, as a foreigner can only with great difficulty get into a Chinese home, no stranger is likely to see more than these streets.

There are sumptuary laws in Pekin that forbid luxurious indulgence. No mandarin can ever ride in a sedan chair, no matter how many battles he has won, what their color is, or how many fans he carries, but by special permission of the emperor. The sedan chair is the emperor's prerogative. Foreigners attached to legations use it as representatives of home majesty, and the "insolence" is tolerated from necessity; but no Chinaman ventures upon any thing beyond a cart, save on two great days of life and death—the first a marriage procession, and the second a funeral. Luxuries are allowed then. The woman, then, the only day of her life, rides in a sort of sedan. Hence, now, I understand the commotion made on the night of my entering the city in an open sedan, and a lady in it. These sumptuary laws I speak of pervade, I am told, all Pekin life, and are especially kept up to keep the people as far as possible removed from the luxuries of the emperor. They do not exist elsewhere in China, only in this court city, where the emperor is. The mandarin has his special sable robe or ermine adornments in winter. As for the women, they seem to be of no account here, save as mothers of children.

The Chinaman takes as many wives here as he can support—the emperor has them by the hundred—but the first wife is the real wife, the only mistress of the establishment, and the others are only her handmaids about the establishment, and they all obey her. The Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob mode of life is the life in China yet. They have not advanced in this respect a step beyond the patriarchs. What a field this would be for Mrs. Cady Stanton and the other bright, strong-minded ladies who in America are for reforming the world!—for woman is not of the least account here, save to be pretty and well painted with white powder and vermilion, hair long, skewered and well glued, so that a gale of wind cannot disturb it—the whole standing upon two little props, looking like birds' claws done

up in sandals, and here called "feet." Alas! woman-fashions are equally foolish everywhere! I bet in Japan once that a woman's hair was her own, and was beaten in the bet. I would not bet on any thing about woman in China now, from her head to her foot-claws—from her long nails to the color of her face. Copper I should have called her color, but I see so many powdered and vermilion faces that I am not certain, now, the woman race is not white with red cheeks, or cheeks a little reddened. Above the brows is often painted red, with the eyelids, too.—James Brooks.

Officers' Uniforms.

One of the first outward and visible signs of the reforms which are being carried out by General de Cissey in the French army is the appearance of a new pattern of great-coat for the infantry-officers. The old regulation great-coat was far too showy, and made the officers much too conspicuous in action; it was also very costly. The new garment is supposed to meet all modern requirements by French critics, who point out with pride that the sword is concealed beneath the new great-coat in a similar manner to that of Prussian officers. An impartial observer would, however, be inclined to remark that the concealment of the sword by Prussian officers is only part of the studied system followed in the German army of assimilating, as far as possible, the appearance of their officers' uniform to that of the privates. Officers in gaudy, visible uniforms, say the Germans, offer an easy mark to the enemy, and so get shot down when they come to close quarters, just at the very moment when their leadership and skill are most required by their men. The Germans, therefore, have dressed their officers so simply as to make them perfectly undistinguishable from the common soldiers at a hundred yards off. Their head-dress is the same "pickel-haube" as that worn by the men; their great-coats of precisely the same color and pattern—which the new French coat is not; and the only distinction, in fact, between their uniforms and that of those under their command is to be found in the small silver shoulder-straps, indicating their rank. The regulation waterproof cloaks even were found to shine too much in the sun when wet, and so to draw fire on the officers during the last campaign. They are already abandoned, we believe, in principle, if not actually in practice, by the Berlin War-Office. It should not be forgotten, however, that the French are not the only nation the officers of whose army rejoice in gaudy, over-braided uniforms.

Laird Baird, of Peebles.

In this old-town population there survived two or three aged persons who professed an adherence to the Covenant and covenanted work of Reformation. One of these, designated Laird Baird, remains clearly daguerre-typed on my memory—a tall, bony, grim old man, with blue *rig-and-fur* stockings rolled half-way up his thighs, and a very umbrageous blue bonnet. His secular business consisted in thatching houses; his inner life was a constant brooding over the sins of a perjured and sinful nation, and the various turns of public affairs, in which he traced the punishments inflicted upon us by an outraged Deity for our laying aside the Solemn League and Covenant. He came up to my mother one summer evening as she was standing at her door with her first-born in her arms.

"Ye're mickle pleased wi' that bairn, wench-an," said the laird, gruffly. "If the French come, what will ye do wi' him? I trow ye'll

be fleeing wi' him to the tap o' the Pentland Hills. But ye should rather pray that they may come. Ye should pray for judgments, woman—judgments on a sinfu' land. Pray that the Lord may pour out the phials of His wrath upon us—it would be for our guid."

And then he went on his way, leaving the pretty young mother heart-chilled by his terrible words.

Having known something of old-town worthies of this kind, there was no novelty or surprise to me, a few years thereafter, when I read of Habakkuk Mucklewrath in Scott's "Old Mortality."—From the *Memoir of Robert Chambers*.

Two Clerical Anecdotes.

Western Pennsylvania has a clergyman named Talbot, of considerable reputation for originality and wit, of whom the following anecdotes are told: On one occasion Mr. Talbot had come into church late, after a long journey, and was spattered with mud from head to foot. He entered the meeting without brushing the dirt from his clothes—indeed, without waiting for his breakfast—and a huge pair of raw-hide boots, size about fifteen, covered with a coating of "moistened dust," were painfully conspicuous. His congregation was too good-natured or too respectful to look at his appearance, and no remark was made until he stood up at a small deal table, which was bare of all covering, to preach his sermon. The table was without cloth, and the dirty raw-hide boots were singularly distinct objects when compared with the neat surroundings of the altar. Yet not a whisper was heard until the reverend gentleman announced his text:

"How beautiful are the feet of those who stand at the gates of Zion."

For a moment there was only a suppressed titter; then, all at once, the whole congregation, with an electrical sense of the humorous, burst into a suppressed roar, in which Mr. Talbot joined.

A certain sharp fellow (in his own conceit), having heard one of Mr. Talbot's sermons, thought he would joke the clergyman a little, and, meeting him soon afterward, he remarked:

"That was an excellent sermon of yours, Mr. Talbot, on the miracle of the wine. The only trouble of it was, it was not original."

"Not original!" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, with a twinkle coming for a moment into his serious eyes; "why, you surprise me!"

"No doubt," replied the wag, shaking his head, "but I have a book at home with every word of it in."

"You are mistaken," replied Mr. Talbot, with an air of severity, "this is an unfounded, and, excuse me, a serious charge."

"Well, I have an excellent box of cigars at home," replied the wit, "and if I cannot convince you—I know you never make wagers—I will make you a present of it."

"Agreed," replied Mr. Talbot, with an air of great confidence.

Next day the gentleman brought up a large dictionary, and endeavored to convince Mr. Talbot of the truth of his remark.

"I have heard the joke before," replied Mr. Talbot, with a laugh, "and you will find that in my sermon I used the phrase 'chores rusties,' when alluding to dancing, and, unless you have got your proof, I will thank you for the cigars."

He got them.

Lightning.

Sometimes lightning produces complete and instantaneous paralysis. The suppression of movement in the victim in these circumstances

is so rapid that those who have witnessed it might have thought they suffered from some illusion. Who would not think he was dreaming if he saw an unfortunate creature, full of life and activity, petrified and motionless as a rock in less time than it required to witness the phenomenon? Jerome Cardan relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak-tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers to all appearance continuing their repast; one still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, a third had his hand in the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly while in these positions, when the thunder-bolt fell. Arazel had seized upon them with so much violence that he had impressed upon the entire surface of their bodies the mournful tint of his black wings. One might have taken them for statues sculptured out of black marble. The catastrophe was so rapid that the faces of the victims had no time to take any expression of pain; life was suppressed so instantaneously that the muscles remained unmoved. The eyes and the mouths were open as in life; and had not the color of the skin been so much changed the illusion would have been complete. It has been remarked also that the features of persons struck by lightning, instead of being contracted, usually assume a calm, happy expression; and the conclusion has been drawn that they enter without shock or pain into the presence of the Infinite Being. It has even been assumed that death by lightning is the prelude to glory and happiness.

A Congressman's Day.

A correspondent of the *Herald of Health* writes from Washington: "Let us now accompany a Congressman through a single journey of twenty-four hours, and see whether it is one calculated to contribute to health of body or mind. We will start from the moment of rising from the breakfast-table. That, we will say, is 9 o'clock. Instead of having a serene half-hour for that meal, with every other mouthful the waiter has brought to him the card of a caller; and, without having time to pick his teeth, he is at once greeted by log-rollers, office-seekers, and axe-grinders, through whom he has to run the gantlet, and make his swift escape to the Capitol, where two or three hours of committee-work await him. At 12 o'clock he goes into the House, where he remains in the midst of exciting work until 4 or 5 o'clock, having snatched time to swallow a lunch in the restaurant below the House. By 7 o'clock he has eaten his dinner; and thenceforward till midnight are parties, calls, reading newspapers, writing letters, or holding consultations with one's political friends. Altogether the life of a politician at Washington is characterized by so much hurry, worry, bother, bad air, and hard work, that only a man of tremendous *physique*, like Charles Sumner or General Garfield, can flourish under it. It is a killing life. The weak constitutions are slaughtered by it. Political ambition often pays for its indulgence in consumption, dyspepsia, paralysis, and softening of the brain."

Fresh Grapes at all Seasons.

The Stockton (Del.) *Republican* says: "We once knew a gentleman who supplied his table with fresh grapes from one season to another. His plan was to gather, when quite ripe, the largest and finest bunches of grapes, and pack them in sawdust, using, in place of boxes, com-

mon nail-kegs, which he purchased for a trifle at hardware stores. After carefully packing the desired number of kegs, he buried a lot in a trench dug in high, dry ground, beneath a shed where the water could neither fall nor soak in. Before using the sawdust, he carefully dried it, either in the sun or in an oven, until it was entirely free from moisture. We never witnessed the packing process, but we know he always had the grapes, and in this way he told us he preserved them. After being buried for months, the grapes were as sweet and finely flavored as if just gathered from the vines. The process is cheap, and may be easily tested. If it will preserve the grape, a new and profitable business may be built up. Bunches of fresh ripe grapes in the spring would be a novelty, and, being that, would command a high price. We hope that some of our grape-growers will try the experiment."

Foreign Items.

THE Bavarian papers are full of amusing anecdotes about the singular eccentricities of King Louis II. Among other things, it is related that, when, after the conclusion of the Treaty of Nicolsburg, the Bavarian Prime-Minister, Von der Pfordten, hastened back to Munich, in order to inform the king of the somewhat humiliating terms which Prussia had imposed in that treaty upon Bavaria, he found the king engaged in playing one of Schiller's comedies in costume, with some of his young friends. The king received the depressing news from the lips of his minister in the costume of the middle ages. It is reported also that King Louis, in 1867, broke off his engagement with the youngest sister of the Empress Elizabeth because the princess fell asleep during the performance of one of Richard Wagner's operas. The king, however, has since then greatly changed his opinion as to the musical value of Wagner's productions, and, despite his eccentricities, he is sincerely respected by his subjects.

The Paris papers tell us that a deaf and dumb young lady, educated according to the system of M. Grosselin, has recently passed an examination at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, which obtained for her the position of directress of the asylum, and that in the course of the examination she was called upon to read aloud, which she did in a manner that not only astonished all present, but even excited their admiration by the felicity of her intonation.

The pope said to Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, during the visit which the latter paid him recently at the Vatican: "You see I am a prisoner in this palace; not, however, in the exact sense of the word, for I am at liberty to go wherever I please. But, in order to go elsewhere, I should have to pass through Rome; and who could expect me to traverse a city over which I have formerly ruled!"

The Emperor of Germany is the most abstemious of European monarchs. He takes every day but two small meals. After rising he takes a cup of coffee; at noon some roast beef and potatoes, with a glass of Bordeaux wine; and at seven in the evening a supper, consisting of bread, sausage, and a cup of tea. Persons invited to the imperial table express their surprise at its extreme simplicity.

The betrothal of the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia to the King of Bavaria is the termination of a long series of intrigues which have been going on at the court of Munich for the past two years.

Bismarck predicted some time ago, at a *soirée* given by the Bavarian ambassador in Berlin, that the next Queen of Bavaria would be a Prussian princess.

Well-informed correspondents write from Belgium that the next revolution in Europe will probably take place in that kingdom. The population of the cities is bitterly hostile to the ruling party, and the king seems not to possess a particle of the tact and wisdom of his father, Leopold I.

Ernest Kail, the publisher of the *Leipziger Gartenlaube*, the most popular of the German magazines, started twenty-five years ago in life as a bookseller's apprentice at a salary of one thaler a week, and a Christmas present of five dollars; and now he is a millionaire.

Richard Wagner and Gounod are the wealthiest of modern composers. Verdi has lost most of his earnings in consequence of unfortunate speculations, and Offenbach, like Alexandre Dumas, lives so extravagantly that he is comparatively poor.

Berlin demands that the government should considerably increase the appropriations for the university in that city, as, in its present condition, and considering the constantly-increasing number of its students, it is no longer equal to the rest of the German universities.

The students at the various German universities are collecting funds for establishing a number of free scholarships at the new University of Strasbourg. These scholarships will be called Bismarck scholarships.

The *Fremdenblatt*, a German paper devoted to the interests of travellers and tourists, says that Germany is visited annually by twenty thousand Americans, who spend there no less than twenty million dollars.

Prince Lobkowitz has purchased the collection of Napoleonic relics formerly owned by Prince Jerome Napoleon, for fourteen thousand florins. Their original cost was at least five times that sum.

The pupils of the Parisian lycées have informed the principals of those institutions that they will not take any lessons in German from German teachers. Natives of Austria are, therefore, employed as instructors.

The Düsseldorf Academy of Arts, which was recently destroyed by fire, will be rebuilt, and the school of arts will remain in that city, and not, as was reported, be removed to Berlin.

A publisher in Madrid announces a "History of Spanish Journalism since the Beginning of the Present Century," by Señor Figueras, the eminent leader of the republican party in Spain.

Conti, the recently-deceased private secretary of Napoleon III., left his very large fortune to the French relief fund for the victims of the war.

Sagasta, the Prime-Minister of Spain, was formerly a lottery-ticket agent, and failed in business. He suffered one year's imprisonment for debt.

The Jewish population of Roumania is rapidly emigrating to Hungary and Roumelia, the government of the hospodar being unable to afford it adequate protection.

The Sultan of Turkey will travel next summer in Western Europe, and visit Lyons, Paris, Copenhagen, and Berlin.

Forty-seven German cities have conferred diplomas of honorary citizenship upon Prince Bismarck.

A son of Rachel, the celebrated French actress, is cashier of a banking-house at Marseilles.

A monument will be erected, in June next, at Pera, to Omar Pacha, the celebrated Turkish general.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte lives again at the house at Auteuil, where he killed Victor Noir in 1870.

Thirty thousand Germans have returned to Paris since the war.

Five daily papers are issued in Sicily.

Varieties.

THE following curious incident in the life of the present Emperor of Russia is related in a recently-published biography: One day the late Emperor Nicholas, hearing a great noise in the room in the Winter Palace, where his children were playing, went in to see what was the matter. He found Constantine holding down his brother Alexander by both knees, and pulling with all his strength at the knot of a cravat which he had tied around Alexander's throat. Alexander, who was nearly throttled, was begging for mercy, and his father came just in time to save him. On being asked the meaning of this strange scene, Constantine explained to his father that they were reenacting a well-known event in Russian history—the assassination of the Emperor Paul I. Constantine was put under arrest for having attempted to strangle the czarowitch, and Alexander was sent to prison because he cried for mercy.

A gentleman was staying at a little French country inn, and there was a melancholy-looking owl, which hopped about the garden, and had only got one leg. Two or three days after his arrival he had some *gibier* (game) for dinner. The "game" was very small, but he enjoyed it immensely, and the next day he missed the owl from the garden. "Where has the owl gone to?" he inquired of the landlord. "Monsieur had a little dish of *gibier* yesterday," was the answer, to the consternation of the traveller. "Why did you kill the owl for my dinner?" he next asked. "I kill owl—Dieu! no, he died himself."

A Boston girl, who was formerly a pupil in Dio Lewis's school at Lexington, has rid herself of an importunate lover by taking him Weston-like walks, which resulted in the heart-disease and death of the unfortunate one. The lady is delighted with the success of the experiment, and has resolved to treat all her troublesome admirers in the same way. She has been known to walk forty-five miles without making a single stop. So that virtuous bachelors have much more reason to beware of this Boston prodigy than ever the elder Mr. Weller had of widows.

The German Government has devised a scheme that promises to be a great event in the history of architecture. It is intended to build a new house of Parliament at Berlin, and the desire is to make it a model structure. To that end, the architects of all nations on the globe are invited to compete by submitting plans before the 15th of April next. A prize of five thousand dollars will be paid for the best design, and prizes of one thousand dollars each for the four next best. All the plans will then be printed in an immense book for the use of architects. Such a volume cannot fail to possess great interest, and to be of vast value to the art.

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby hat and cloak, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

A negro, employed in the Dixie oil-works at Nashville, was recently tried by an extemporized court, composed of his fellow-workmen, for stealing chickens. He was found guilty, and sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes. The culprit congratulated himself on getting off with what he considered a light punishment; but great was his disappointment when the executioner, having laid on nearly the prescribed number of blows, forgot his count, and was ordered by the court to begin again!

Two gentlemen, one named Woodcock, and the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl. Said Fuller, "That bird is very much like a Woodcock." "You are very far wrong," said Woodcock, "for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

A young lady, seeking a situation, was interested in an advertisement for some one to do light housekeeping. So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the light-house was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sundays.

Henry Kingsley says: "It seems to me, in the beginning of a new movement about the rights of women, that women, if they gain much, will lose much. The relations between men and women will be altered, and God only knows whether it will be for better or for worse."

"Hunting the tiger, gentlemen," observed an English officer, relating his East-India experience to a friendly circle at a London club, "is capital sport—nothing better—except when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt you then it is apt to become too exciting."

Mr. and Mrs. Kohn, of Hartford, Connecticut, have applied for a divorce. Mrs. Kohn was a Christian girl who renounced her religion in order to marry Mr. Kohn, who is an Israelite. It is probable that they discovered their feelings did not coincide after all.

There is an Arabic poem which compares woman to a mirage, but says that, while a mirage's deceit is brief, a woman's love deceives eternally.

A Fort Wayne woman was married first to Robb, second to Robbins, and third to Robinson. She will have to take Robbins-grandson next.

A girl at Council Bluffs persisted in encouraging a man against the wishes of her mother, and was tarred and feathered by that fond parent for her unfilial conduct.

At the present ratio of increase in the population of the United States, we shall number 50,000,000 and over in the year 1880.

The last twelve months have been terribly disastrous to life and shipping upon the ocean all over the world.

When tea was first introduced into England, it was a costly article, being sold at the modest sum of fifteen dollars per pound.

Another brass band, to be composed of twenty-four women, is being formed out West.

Contemporary Portraits.

Mrs. Somerville.

MARY SOMERVILLE, distinguished for her scientific acquirements, and author of several important educational works, was born in Jedburgh, Scotland, in 1789, and is now living at Florence, Italy, greatly honored in her advanced age. She is the daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William Fairfax. She was married, in 1804, to Captain Greig, of the Russian Navy, who died in 1807; and, in 1812, she was united to Dr. William Somerville. From early years she evinced great thirst for knowledge, and her assiduous applications to study soon made her eminently proficient in literature and science, and gave her a celebrity rarely attained by any of her sex.

In 1835 Mrs. Somerville made some experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays in the solar spectrum, and prepared a paper which was communicated to the Royal Society by her husband; and, in 1835, we find her also experimenting on the permeability of different bodies to the chemical rays of the sun, an account of which she sent to Arago, which that philosopher brought before the French Academy of Sciences. Soon after this appeared her work on the "Mechanism of the Heavens," which was an attempt to interpret to the English reader the "Mécanique céleste" of La Place. In this work La Place undertook the arduous task of forming a complete system of physical astronomy, in which the various motions in astronomy should be deduced from the first principles of mechanics; and Mrs. Somerville's work endeavors to explain to English readers the methods by which the French astronomer attained his results. The preliminary dissertation to her treatise Sir John Herschel pronounced "by far the best condensed view of the Newtonian philosophy



MARY SOMERVILLE.

which has yet appeared." In 1834 appeared the "Connection of the Physical Sciences," of which the *Quarterly Review* said, "Before the student of astronomy enters upon the treatise of Sir John Herschel, he should prepare his thoughts for the tone of elevation which it requires, by reading Mrs. Somerville's delightful volume on the 'Connection of the Physical Sciences.'" In 1848 Mrs. Somerville published her best-known work, "Physical Geography," a history of the earth in its whole material organization, and of animal and vegetable life. Like every thing emanating from her pen, it is written with great clearness of style and precision of statement, and is often vigorous and elegant. Mrs. Somerville's last work was published only two years ago, in her eighty-eighth year, evincing that her interest in scientific subjects is as fresh, and her industry as incessant, as in her earlier years. The title of this work is "Molecular and Microscopic Science," which conveys much condensed information, and gives an admirable summary of the recent researches in these departments of investigation.

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